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MAY 11, 1962

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TIME

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(EST. U.S. POST OFFICE)

VOL LXXIX NO. 19



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The Ronson CFL 300 is Big Daddy to all electric shavers. It has a 36-blade Miracle cutter. The thinnest shaving screen. The biggest shaving area. And the closest, fastest, lightest touch of all. Super-Trim for long hairs and sideburns. Suggested retail price, \$29.50. Also available in Canada.

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Valiant

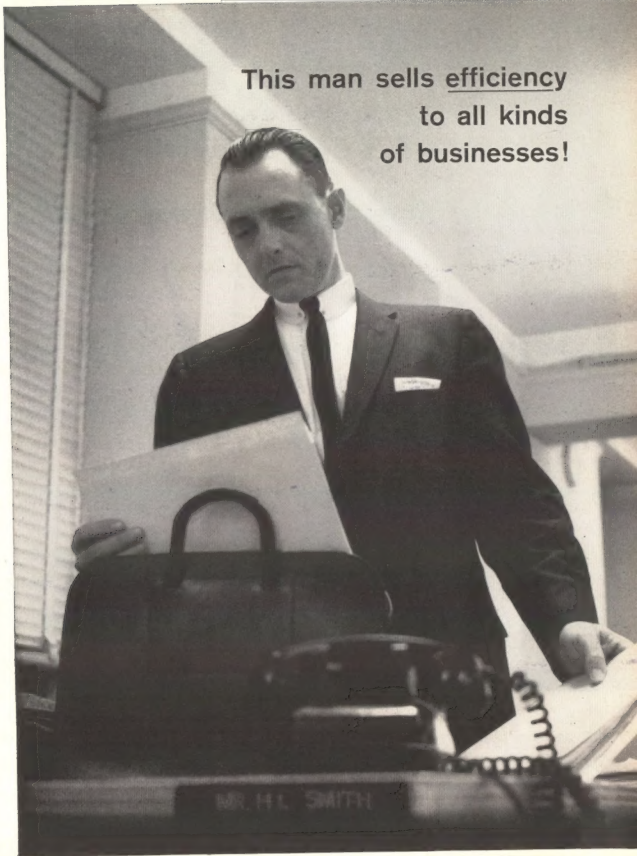


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AFTER SIX FORMALS, TWENTY-SECOND AND MARKET STREETS, PHILADELPHIA • 200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

This man sells efficiency
to all kinds
of businesses!



*He's Harry L. Smith,
Bell Telephone
Communications Consultant*

*Case in point:
General Coal Company,
Philadelphia*

Harry Smith called on this company a year ago—and made a complete study of its business operation, particularly its communications.

He found the switchboard was often overloaded because all outgoing calls had to go through it. The firm's 65 Philadelphia employees had outgrown their intercom system. When working late, management had limited night lines and could not make interoffice calls.

Newer, more flexible Bell System services were needed. Harry made his recommendation and got approval to go ahead.

A new dial intercom system was installed so employees could dial all local and interoffice calls directly from their desks. This also freed the switchboard attendant to give priority attention to incoming calls. Push-button telephones with line-flashing features were added to eliminate "desk hopping." Hands-free Speakerphones gave management new freedom of movement during calls. After-hours service was greatly expanded.

Vice-President W. A. Gallagher says: "The new system has helped us in many ways. Most important, it saves us *time*—enables our whole staff to work faster and more efficiently."

Could more up-to-date communications improve efficiency for *your* business? There's a Communications Consultant ready to help you find out. Have a talk with him. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Harry Smith observes Louise Haselton at the firm's switchboard. The new dial intercom system frees her from routing interoffice and outgoing local calls—speeds overall service.



Flexible features of General Coal Company's new interoffice communications system are reviewed by Harry Smith with Edgar Swain, Jr. (left) and Office Manager George F. Miller, Jr.



Speakerphones, installed in a number of the company's executive offices, permit hands-free calling and let management hold office conferences by telephone. Here, Harry discusses some of the service features with Vice-President W. A. Gallagher.



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It takes 108 hand stitches to shape and snug-fit the horsehide to a major league baseball. In the Bostonian Flex-O-Mocs, it takes 136 expert hand stitches to mold the leather to the contours of your foot. The moccasin seam gives a foot-hugging fit plus extra softness where your foot flexes...where you need it most.

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For extra comfort, even Bostonian Flex-O-Moc outsoles are "tenderized." They are rolled and re-rolled (like a

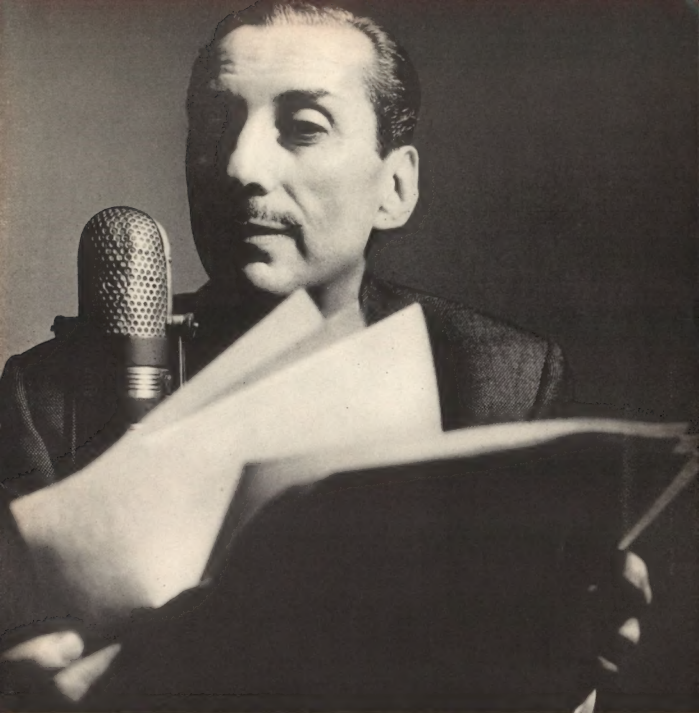
baker rolls dough) until they are supple.

We believe there's no substitute for the care and patience of a Bostonian craftsman's hands. Why not start enjoying the light-footed comfort of Bostonian Flex-O-Mocs. See them at your Bostonian Dealers...today!

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Featured: 4882, Bostonian Flex-O-Moc slip-on in Burnished Brown. Also 4883 in black. Right: 4887, three-rylet blucher with hand-sewn ventilated front. Left: 4890, Low-sweep, hand-sewn, cobble-stitched slip-on. Also 4891 in black. Most Bostonian styles \$19.95 to \$35.00. Authentic moccasins \$14.95 and up. Also makers of Mansfield and Bostonian Boys.



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Robert Trout and his CBS Radio mike have been together for 25 years. Their mettle has been tested by hot and cold wars, space exploration, pageantry and politics.

Trout is known as the "Iron Man of Radio" because of his remarkable coverage of great events under pressure, hour after hour. Through the in-fighting of every Presidential convention since 1936, through the long, tense hours of election nights, through the anxieties of the first manned

space flight from Cape Canaveral, his lucid reporting told the story to millions. What impresses Trout's fellow reporters is his ability to select the most meaningful facts from complex, fast-moving events and weave them into a graphic, exciting story.

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LETTERS

Echoes of Testing

Sir: TIME's May 4 cover story giving in depth background on the need for the U.S. to resume nuclear testing in the atmosphere was brilliant. It sums up and gives world-wide circulation to the mostly unspoken convictions of many of us, that those who want freedom, and are willing and able to fight for it, will keep it—without a fight.

T. V. O'GRADY

Buffalo

Sir: Your article was a sickly effort to justify the nuclear tests, an effort that exuded your own sense of guilt and tragic error.

(THE REV.) JOHN W. PARRISH

Ferndale, Mich.

Sir: After reading Ogle's statement that the world is a scary place, I feel that perhaps it would be better to end it with a bang rather than with a whimper.

ROBERT F. HALLIGAN

Wellesley, Mass.

Sir: I wholeheartedly agree with U.S. resumption of atmospheric nuclear testing. The only sad thing is that this testing did not come about much sooner.

MARIS CIRULIS

Glendale, Mo.

Sir: TIME's report was an apology for an act of immorality. To forswear responsibility for resumption of testing by saying we had no choice is a calculated and shrewdly executed move in gross self-deception. Do we take our lead from Soviet treachery?

ROBERT L. HOLMES

Austin, Texas

Sir: In your story on nuclear testing, you tell how when the first atomic bomb was tested in 1945, Physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer was reminded of a passage from the Hindus' sacred *Rigveda Gita*: "If the radiance of a thousand suns were burst into the sky, that would be like the splendor of the Mighty One."

Oppenheimer, a Sanskrit scholar, was struck a moment later by another passage from the same sacred writing: "I am become Death, the shatterer of worlds."

CHRISTOPHER Z. HOBSON

Cambridge, Mass.

Shooting at Sparrows

Sir: Like many who have had the opportunity of knowing him well over a period of time, I was very grateful for your cover story on Karl Barth (April 26). I felt that your coverage, the appreciation, the attacks, the comparisons with Paul Tillich and Reinhold Niebuhr—the two theologians of Barth's stature in America—were good and fair and just. But there was one thing: When I was doing my doctoral dissertation on Calvin under Barth, I once decided to use the power of Calvin's mind to destroy a petty modern critic, Barth put his hand on my sleeve and said, "Do not use a cannon to kill a sparrow!" And so I left the sparrow, the minor critic, out of my study. It is somewhat regrettable that TIME gave so much space to the many American sparrows who enjoy camping on Barth's front lawn.

CHARLES A. M. HALL

Dean of the Chapel

Wellesley College
Wellesley, Mass.

Sir: It is obvious that Dr. Karl Barth has advanced and progressive thoughts regarding God's relation to man and man's relation to God.

Thinking men and women want religion redefined, and this demand is compelling religion to re-evaluate itself, slowly but surely.

ALFRED LEVERENZ

Chicago

Who's on Third

Sir: If, as you say, Charles W. Eliot and William Greenleaf Eliot were first cousins (April 27), their grandsons, Thomas Hopkinson Eliot and T. S. Eliot, would be third cousins, not fifth cousins, wouldn't they?

HARRY H. PIERSON

Bangkok

► Yes, but no. The fact is that Charles W. and William Greenleaf were third cousins, as Thomas Hopkinson and T. S. are fifth cousins. Oh, brother.—Ed.

SANE

Sir: Your account of SANE's history (April 27) surprises me. When did the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee publicly denounce SANE's board? Though Senator Dodd criticized us, we were never "denounced" by any congressional committee. SANE was never slow to criticize the Sovi-

et Union. From its beginning in 1957, SANE has protested on behalf of people everywhere against tests anywhere—in East or West.

We welcome TIME's certification of our responsibility. We continue to reject the "realism" of security through preparation for war and in our respectable way applaud the President's efforts at Geneva to break out of the grisly arms race.

FRANK MCALLISTER

Co-Chairman

SANE

Chicago

Sir: I deplore your condescending and superior attitude toward SANE and Dr. Spock. As a psychiatrist who has worked with children for many years, I feel that Dr. Spock presents a very honest and realistic attitude toward this insane business of atomic testing. He does not go far enough. Psychiatrists recognize that this constant living in fear, which we are all doing, is having a tremendous emotional impact upon our children. The constant talk about the nuclear threat and the threat of war is not conducive to happiness in our children. If more courageous and thoughtful Americans would speak up, as has Dr. Spock, perhaps we could overcome the madness which our nation is now involved in.

CARL L. KLINE, M.D.

Wausau, Wis.

Sir: Instead of "Give me liberty or give me death," SANE's cry is "Liberty is expendable. Don't let me die."

JUSTIN MCCARTHY JR.

Park Ridge, Ill.

Drop the Kleenex

Sir: In your March 16 issue, you credit Saul Bass with designing the new color-drop Kleenex package. Taint so, I designed that box, and it took lots of doing.

MORTON GOLDSHOLL

Morton Goldsholl Design Associates
Northfield, Ill.

► TIME picked up the wrong box. Hollywood Tilist Saul Bass designed another award-winning Kleenex box, now being marketed in the West.—Ed.

Boh! Boh! Boh!

Sir: "New Haven for Women" indeed (April 27). You know, of course, what I happen: sopranos in the Whitepools and a q8-lb. nymph in the Yale crew. I am advising my son to give up his hopes of being a Yaleman and concentrate on the Daisy Chain at Vassar.

RICHARD F. PRENTIS

Des Moines

Sir: Harvard's craven, if piecemeal, capitulation to latter-day feminism, culminating in the recent decision to grant Radcliffe girls Harvard degrees, should hardly be taken as an example by intellectually more mature institutions of higher learning.

CHARLES A. MOSER

New Haven, Conn.

Yale '56

Duelers or Peace Marchers?

Sir: The revival of dueling in German universities (April 27) is more admirable than rioting on Florida beaches or picketing against proper military preparedness.

I wish we had 1,000 *Alte Herren* at

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matter of age, it's a matter of need—and every woman must make her own decision. Can *you* afford *not* to try Revlon 'Eterna 27'?

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Harvard instead of 1,000 peace marchers
They'd be considerably more practical

BILL DAVIDSON

Tucson, Ariz.

Sir

The permanent damage from saber fight
inc—aside from ugly-looking scars—cannot
compete with the knocked-out brains and
teeth in boxing and college football

HANS J. RAAB

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sir

One of the most outstanding German
Americans, Carl Schurz, was a member and
later an *Alter Herr* of the *Deutsche Burschen*
schaft (dueling fraternity). And I am certain
that he was just as proud to have been a
member as I am

HANS C. MISKA

College Point, N.Y.

Sir

Have the Germans really learned the les-
sons of World War I and World War II?

MRS. GEORGE JANISCH

Seattle

Sir

I am glad to see the primitive and ridicu-
lous flesh-slashing exercises of some German
Burschenschaften spotlighted by a foreign
news-magazine

REINER HUNDERTMARK

Aachen, Germany

Gold-Plate Special

Sir

Ever since you reported that the Shah of
Iran served pheasant à la périgourdine to the
President and Mrs. Kennedy (April 30).
I've been searching for the recipe. The least
you can do is print it for me

LEONARD J. LOCASCIO

Silver Spring, Md.

► Remove the wings from 12 pheasants,
and braise birds in a 350° oven for 15 min.
Add "enough" vegetables—shallots, parsley,
carrots, onions, bay leaves and assorted herb—
several veal bones, and the pheasant wings.
Continue to braise for 75 min. Remove the
pheasants and vegetables from the pan. Add
1 qt. of chicken stock, and "a little less than
a fifth" of dry sherry and simmer for sev-
eral hours. Add truffles Julienné (sliced into
thin disks) and then crosswise into slivers.
Remove the wings and bones from the sauce.
Pour sauce over vegetables and pheasants.
It's a dish fit for a Shah. Ed

Man of Steel

Sir

And now when we want to ask what we
can do for our country, we damn well know
whom to ask

WALT MULLINS

Norman, Okla.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME &
LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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Mother's
Day

Greetings

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COURSE. BUT, MY GOODNESS, ISN'T MOM WORTH IT?
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by WESTERN UNION



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A Visit with a Real-Life AMERICANA Family



"The Americana helped Robert to make the honor roll ...and Rodney isn't very far behind!"

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Campbell, Waltham, Mass.

Mr. Robert Campbell is a Boston bookseller, and an avid student of the Civil War. Because of his professional knowledge of reference materials, his choice of an encyclopedia for his own family was bound to be a judicious one. Three years ago, he decided on THE AMERICANA—and his family has been using it constantly ever since.

Recently, for example, Marilyn, who is 17, did an English thesis on Transcendentalism with the help of THE AMERICANA. Robert, 14, says THE AMERICANA "helped a lot" with a science project he did on Astronomy. His twin brother, Rodney, received a great deal of help from THE AMERICANA with a project on Weather. Mr. Campbell uses THE AMERICANA "continually" to pin-

point Civil War dates and events, and Mrs. Campbell finds that "it certainly has helped me to answer some of the questions the children bring up."

The parents agree that "THE AMERICANA helped Robert to become an honor student"—and they say that Rodney isn't very far behind him in marks. Both boys are science lovers, and "what THE AMERICANA tells them seems to whet their appetites for learning even more."

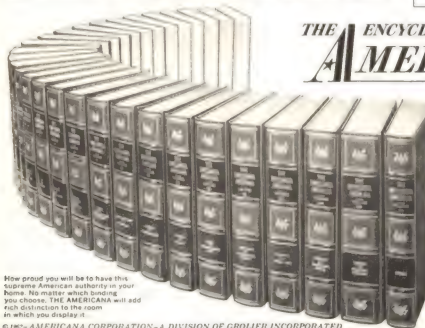
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the college-bound school youngster.

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EDWARD HULT, Winsted, Conn.	CLARENCE W. PARKER, Montpelier, Vt.
"An investment in our youngsters' future."	"An immense help to our children."
LEON T. ASHLEY, Plymouth, Mass.	MICHAEL STROVERCHY, Bridgeport, Conn.



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TIME MAY 11, 1962



How to tell when you've arrived...

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pointment later."

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Vol. LXXIX No. 19

May 11, 1962

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

Crowds

From the White House last week things looked pretty rosy.

There were, of course, serious problems to be thought about or dealt with. Warfare raged in Southeast Asia and the U.S. had a deep commitment there (*see cover story*). It appeared that the U.S. Congress, despite lopsided Democratic majorities in both houses, might plow under a lot of the President's legislative programs before it went home. The nation's businessmen were still suspicious of the President as a result of his slashing attack on the steel industry. But despite these concerns, the prevailing mood inside the White House was a cheerful almost exuberant confidence.

Cool Reaction. The President endured a few chilly breezes when he spoke at the annual convention of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce in Washington's Constitution Hall. His Administration, he said, was not anti-business, not against profits. "We want prosperity, and in the free enterprise system there can be no prosperity without profit. We want a growing economy, and there can be no growth without the investment that is inspired and financed by profit."

But the delegates remained wary. "He gave a nice speech," said one of them afterward, "but actions speak louder than words. Nothing he said here this morning erased his actions taken against the steel industry." The business community had cause for concern. Kennedy is not ideologically against business; he probably thinks he is all for it. But the fact is that as a millionaire's son with no experience in any calling but politics, the President has led an economically sheltered life—and he does not seem to understand business or businessmen very well. Businessmen across the country are repeating to each other the published report (now vigorously denied by the White House) that in the white-hot early hours of his clash with U.S. Steel Corp. over a rise in steel prices he said, "My father always told me that all businessmen were s.o.b.s, but I never believed it till now."

Warm Reception. Four days after his C. of C. appearance, the President planed down to New Orleans to make another speech, this time to boost his trade-expan-



IN BERKELEY: THE PEOPLE ARE WITH HIM

sion bill. The occasion was the dedication of a huge new \$12.5 million wharf on the Mississippi River, a fitting symbol of international trade. In his talk, the President restated his essential argument for his bill: presidential authority to slash tariffs is required to keep the European Common Market open to U.S. exports. "In May of 1962," he said, "we stand at a great divide: we must trade or fade. We must either go backward or go forward."

What was striking about Kennedy's trip to New Orleans was not his speech, but the reception he got. Louisianians greeted him at the airport with waving flags and blaring hands. Some 200,000 including children out of school for the day lined the streets to cheer him as he passed by in the motorcade, and great numbers of them were still waiting on the sidewalks after he finished his speech, to cheer him again as he rode back toward the heart of town.

Crowds are a measure of political popularity, and Kennedy in his travels has certainly been getting the crowds. In Berkeley, Calif., last March, a Kennedy speech attracted at least 85,000 people to the University of California stadium. It is therefore obvious why Kennedy is

so cheerful nowadays. He has the people with him—not necessarily with his plans and programs, but with him as a man and leader. And few politicians would ask for more.

Differing Diagnoses

At first glimpse, the meeting in President Kennedy's office last week looked like a friendly consultation. Relaxing in his rocker, the President described how much the chair helped his chronic backache. The seven doctors around him listened intently, agreed that rockers were good therapy. But then Kennedy proceeded to outline his views on medical care for the aged—and things suddenly got uncongenial. The seven doctors were officials of the American Medical Association, which strongly opposes the President's medical-care program.

A.M.A. President Dr. Leonard W. Larson and his colleagues came at the President's invitation. Although the Administration bill providing hospital, nursing and minor doctor care for 14 million elderly Americans (with the cost covered by increases in the social security tax and the amount of wages on which the tax is figured) is still before the House Ways

IN NEW ORLEANS: FEW WOULD ASK FOR MORE





FREDRIC MARCH READING AT NOBEL WHITE HOUSE FETE
Look what Daddy has done now.

and Means Committee. President Kennedy is increasingly optimistic about its chances. The day he met the A.M.A., he had breakfasted with congressional leaders. They informed him that the members of Congress, while back home for the Easter recess, had said that medical care was an issue with real political sex appeal. On that ground, Kennedy launched some propaganda at his principal adversaries. "You're beaten," he told his guests. "The only question now is if it is to be financed out of social security or general revenue," adding that he favored the former.

But the doctors were far from ready to admit defeat. Dr. Edward Annis, chairman of the A.M.A. speakers' bureau, who tours the U.S. on behalf of A.M.A. causes, said he found even old people backing away from the Administration proposal. Indeed, predicted Dr. Annis, support of the bill will soon become a political liability. During the 45-minute debate, interrupted once when a smiling Caroline Kennedy tapped on the office window as she was passing by, no agreements were reached. "We had an honest exchange of divergent views," reported Dr. Annis afterward.

If they welcomed the Kennedy invitation to a face-to-face discussion, the doctors were still mad over heavy-handed White House propaganda efforts. Close by the office where they sat last week, an Administration task force cranked out releases and scripts, helped a lobby called the National Council of Senior Citizens for Health Care. Fortnight from now, the President will fly to New York and address a medicare rally in Madison Square Garden; his speech will be televised to other rallies around the U.S. Dr. Larson protested this "bandwagon" technique, and the A.M.A. demanded equal TV time to reply—which, perhaps to the A.M.A.'s surprise, was promptly granted by the network.

THE CAPITAL

Far from the Briar Patch

Well, there's just no end to it. Every time anyone thinks that Jack and Jackie Kennedy have surpassed themselves in their White House receptions, they manage to super-surpass themselves. Last week they did it again.

To the home of the President and his lady came 49 Nobel laureates, who with their wives and other distinguished guests totaled 173.* Gathering in the East Room, the Nobelmen plucked glasses of Manhattans, martinis and sherry from passing trays. Then the word quietly passed that the President was about to enter—and waiters plucked the drinks away from the guests.

In came Kennedy, accompanied by Jackie in a sea-foam green evening gown by Oleg Cassini. In the reception line, Chemist Linus Pauling, who had spent the day in a ban-the-bomb picket line outside, got special attention. "Glad to see you expressing your opinions so strongly," said Kennedy heartily. And Jackie twitted him with "Why do you do that? Every time Caroline sees people outside with signs, she says, 'What has Daddy done now?'"

In a dinner toast, the President observed: "I think this is the most extraordinary collection of talent, of human knowledge, that has ever been gathered together at the White House—with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone." Canada's Liberal Party leader, Lester Pearson, who had been in-

vited to the President's bedroom for a talk while Kennedy dressed for dinner, had a less graceful and less expansive view. "This is the President's Easter egghead roll," he quipped.

Climax of Civilization. The company turned out to be congenial. Attorney General Bobby Kennedy took into tow a fellow named John Glenn. "Hey, John," yelled Bobby over the din to the astronaut, "come over here and meet the ambassador." After dinner, the U.S. Air Force's 30-piece "Strolling Strings" came into the hallway where guests were mingling. Linus and Ava Pauling promptly swirled into a Viennese waltz. Other couples joined in, and Pauling, flushed with success, ordered a tango. About that time Jack and Jackie entered and—since there's not supposed to be dancing at the White House unless it has been formally scheduled—appeared startled. "Look, Jack," said Jackie, "they're dancing"—and, for a while, the dancing continued.

For the evening's main feature, the guests were marshaled into the gold-curtained East Room, where Actor Fredric March read excerpts from the works of three dead Nobel laureates. First came the heavily sarcastic foreword to Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street*: "Main Street is the climax of civilization. That this Ford car might stand in front of the Bon Ton Store, Hannibal invaded Rome and Erasmus wrote in Oxford cloisters."

Next, while the 77-year-old widow of George Catlett Marshall strained to hear from her front-row seat, came a passage from the 1947 Harvard speech in which the soldier-statesman proposed the Marshall Plan of postwar aid: "Our policy is directed not against any country or doctrine but against hunger, poverty, desperation and chaos."

For his third offering, March had planned to read Ernest Hemingway's short story, *The Killers*. But as tribute to World War II PT-boat Hero Kennedy, Widow Mary Hemingway had dug through a bank vault of her husband's unpublished manuscripts, come up with a chapter from a novel about a young American who fought Nazi submarines from a fishing boat. It began: "The wind had blown heavily for more than fifty days but now it had dropped off." Mary Hemingway had removed some of the profanity beforehand. After March finished, she sighed: "It was typical of the sort of thing that Papa did so well."

"You've Got Lipstick." Next evening the White House lights glowed again with the President's annual reception for the diplomatic corps. Jackie brought back the Strolling Strings and also the Marine Band jazz combo for dancing—scheduled. The hit of the evening was new Russian Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin, who whisked his attractive brunette wife through a fox trot, insisted the step was "typical Russian." Among the early evening kibitzers was Caroline Kennedy, who appeared in an organdy dress and bandaged chin, proudly explained that she had cut her chin while capering alongside the White House swimming pool.

* Of the Western Hemisphere's Nobelmen who attended, 45 were scientists (nine laureates from the University of California alone represented three more prizes than Russia has won since the Nobel awards were established in 1901). Non-scientists on hand were Peace Prize-winners Ralph Bunche and Canada's Pearson; Literature Winners Pearl Buck and Saint-John Perse; Novelist William Faulkner declined.



THORNTON WILDER
Look! A lighthouse.

A fortnight ago, Caroline had been registered at Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Conn., where Jackie went. The day after the diplomatic reception, she got an opportunity to see what other Miss Porter's girls look like later. To celebrate a successful building drive, Jackie Kennedy had invited Farmington alumnae to an afternoon tea. The girls were delighted by an unexpected visit from the President, who paused long enough to shake some hands, pose for pictures and whisper to his wife: "You've got lipstick on your teeth."

"A Wonderful Climax," The White House-sponsored acknowledgment of culture was spreading all over Washington. Last week, Novelist Thornton Wilder came to town to read from his works at a "Cabinet Evening" in the State Department Auditorium; he stayed over for a White House dinner this week honoring French Minister for Culture André Malraux for which the guest list was heavily studded with actors and writers. "Washington" said Wilder grandiloquently, "is becoming like a lighthouse on the hill for those things for which we spend our lives."

More spontaneous, and for that reason better said, were the remarks of Mrs. George Marshall, who had paused, upon leaving the Nobel prizewinners' dinner to comment in dialogue that might have come from *Our Town*: "When they first

called me, I said, 'I'm such an old lady I could never go.' I've been away from here so long I don't know any of these people today, except from the newspapers. But I bought myself a dress so I could come. This is my last time out, but it's been a wonderful climax for me. Now I can go back to my briar patch."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

New Man for Formosa

Ever since U.S. Ambassador to Formosa Everett F. Drumright resigned two months ago, the Administration has scouted for a successor. Finally, last weekend, it picked a man who appeared to have the right qualifications: former (1949-52) Ambassador to Moscow Alan G. Kirk, 73.

Philadelphian Kirk is a late but capable comer to the diplomatic service. Lured to the sea by boyhood canoeing on the Delaware River, he graduated from Annapolis in 1909, became a gunnery expert. By World War II, he had his rear admiral's flag, led invasion task forces in Sicily and Normandy, instituted the custom of broadcasting battle action to seamen below decks. His last professional contact with China was in 1911-14 as a gunboat ensign on the Asiatic Station during the Sun Yat-sen revolution. His last prolonged contact with the Kennedys was in 1939-1940, when Joseph Kennedy was Ambassador to the Court of St. James' and Kirk was his naval attaché.

Retiring from the Navy in 1946, Kirk was invited into the diplomatic service. He served first as concurrent Ambassador to Belgium and Minister to Luxembourg, then went to the Soviet Union. Early this year, on the strength of his Belgian contacts, Kirk was pressed into special service. He flew to Brussels to persuade officials of the Belgian combine controlling the Congo's giant mining enterprises to accept the proposal for a strong central government in the Congo rather than a powerful Katanga under Moïse Tshombe. Recalling that service, the Administration asked aging Alan Kirk to return to Government work. Cheerfully he agreed.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Remember Not . . .

Delivering a warm little speech to open a concert by Negro Singer Harry Belafonte in the Washington Coliseum, Attorney General Robert Kennedy tripped over his peroration. Said he, referring to the Foreign Student Service Council which was sponsoring the affair: "You people are exemplifying what my brother meant when he said in his inaugural address, 'Ask what you can do for—uh—do not ask what you can do—uh—ask not what you can do for your country but—' Well, anyhow, you remember his words. As laughter spread, Bobby turned red, shrugged, and concluded gamely: "That's why my brother is President."

THE SOUTH

Ticket Tempest

Louisiana newspapers all but ignored it. A few even scoffed at it. But the headlines in the North made it seem like a big deal: the segregationist White Citizens Council of New Orleans was offering free one-way transportation to Southern Negroes who wanted to move North.

The idea was far from new, but much of the U.S. press recorded every bellowing boast from the council's man-in-charge-of-the-tickets, brash George L. Singelmann, 46, a personal aide to excommunicated Segregationist Leander Perez. Singelmann would, he said, fill a train with 1,000 Negroes and send it North. And even before that happened, he would load more than 100 Negroes on two buses in just one day. He would help dispatch unemployed Negroes from Little Rock to Boston and ask Senate Candidate Teddy Kennedy to care for them at Hyannisport. He would shuttle others off to Richard Nixon with demands to have the former Vice President establish them in his home town of Whittier, Calif.

After three weeks of reveling in the publicity (he brought his son John, 10, with him when newsmen gathered, explaining, "John wanted to get his picture on TV too"), Singelmann had been able to muster only 62 volunteers, including one family of twelve, another of ten, and at least one integrationist Freedom Rider, who gleefully accepted the racist money just for the ride. Most of the Negroes arrived in New York and Los Angeles sheepish, shy and startled by flashbulbs and inquiring reporters.

Some of the reaction was as farcical as Singelmann's project. Author-Columnist Harry Golden urged Negroes to accept the free rides, enjoy a lark in the North, and he would provide funds to get them back home. Wealthy Chicago Art Dealer Richard L. Feigen, 31, said he had \$10,000 he would use to buy white supremacists one-way tickets to South Africa. But one statistic seemed to show just how insignificant Singelmann's scheme really is: in the past ten years, more than 92,000 Negroes have left Louisiana at their own expense and with no encouragement—and no publicity—at all.

LINUS PAULING (LEFT FOREGROUND) AMID AFTER-DINNER GAIETY



POLITICS

April Fool

On the eve of April Fools' Day, Arkansas Governor Orval E. Faubus announced that he would not run for reelection. But last week, just three hours before the filing deadline for the July 31 Democratic primary, Faubus smilingly said that he had changed his mind and would try for a fifth term.

Faubus claimed that his ulcers—the main reason for quitting the race—had calmed down during the past month. But there was a more important reason for his readiness to return to the dyspepsia of politics. When his powerful organization failed to come up with a strong candidate for Governor, Faubus decided that he could not sit back and see a bitter political enemy take over the state.

Faubus' major opponent is Little Rock Attorney Sidney McMath, 49, who was Governor from 1949-53. A former Faubus ally, McMath split with the Governor by criticizing his extremist tactics in opposing school integration in Little Rock in 1957-58. Besides McMath, Faubus will have to contend with five other candidates in the July primary, including another friend turned foe: Segregationist Dale Alford, 46, who was elected to Congress in 1958 in the stormy aftermath of the Little Rock crisis. Plainly, segregation is going to be a primary issue. This is unfortunate, since 48 Negroes now attend three Little Rock high schools, and there has been no trouble since Orval stirred up the fuss in the first place.

End of the Road

Snapping his red galluses in the sunshine, he sometimes seemed the same old showman. A Goliath of a man (6 ft. 8 in., 245 lbs.), he still had some big ideas. Cried he: "Big Jim is going to furnish the leadership. We're going forward. If you want to go, I'll take you."

James E. ("Kissin' Jim") Folsom, 53, Governor of Alabama from 1947 to 1951 and from 1955 to 1959, was trying for a political comeback—and everyone thought he would make it. His campaign message was one of moderation on Alabama's most controversial question, "The Civil War is over!" Folsom orated, "Let us join the people together again. Let us furnish leadership for our colored people. You were raised amongst 'em. Go down in the black belt and the white folks talk more like the Negroes than the Negroes do. Their two colleges aren't even accredited. They've just got eight trade schools, and they want two more and they're entitled to them. Last year we turned our back to the world. They took pictures of mobs running around the streets of Birmingham. They was taking people out at night, floggin' 'em and mutilatin' and castratin'. Let us have peace in the valley."

Big Jim had been talking this way for a long time—and getting away with it. As Governor, he had even dared tease Alabama's segregationists. Said he: "No Negro child will be forced to go to school with white children as long as I am Governor of Alabama." During his adminis-

tration he opposed segregationist plans to convert public schools to private schools, refused to sign oppressive segregation bills, even had a drink in the Governor's mansion with New York's Negro Congressman Adam Clayton Powell ("They say I drank Scotch and soda with Adam Clayton Powell. That's a lie. Anybody who knows me knows I don't drink Scotch").

But now, in 1962, Alabama had changed, its racial feelings inflamed by violence at Montgomery, Anniston and Birmingham. Big Jim had changed, too. His hair was greyer, his face was pouchier, his lines had lost their punch. When the votes were counted last week in Alabama's Democratic primary, Big Jim was third in a field of seven. Selected to face each other in the May 29 runoff: former Circuit Judge George Wallace, 42, who promises that he will go to jail before permitting integrated schools, and Tuscaloosa State Senator Ryan deGraffenried, 37, a racial moderate. If it was any consolation to Folsom, Birmingham's super-segregationist Public Safety Commissioner, Eugene ("Bull") Connor, finished a sorry fifth.

AIR AGE

The Pilot

Higher and higher it flew—80,000 ft. . . . 100,000 . . . 130,000 . . . 200,000. Roaring into a hell-hot 3,443 m.p.h., it peaked into a graceful arc, seemed to hover uncertainly for a brief moment, then hurtled downward. Minutes later, its tail skids carved a high rooster tail of dust in the wind-slicked silt of Rogers Dry Lake in California. The plane stopped. "Well," said Test Pilot Joe Walker as he threw off the switches in the cockpit, "there's that one for today." In his X-15, Walker had just streaked to a new altitude record for manned planes: 246,700 ft.—46.7 miles above the earth.

Dramatic as it was, the flight that sent the rocket-powered X-15 to new heights last week was hardly more dramatic than Walker's career. Since 1945, when he joined the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (it was then called the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics), Joseph Albert Walker, 41, has flown more hot planes than any other test pilot. Walker has taken the X series,

beginning with the X-1, through a hair-raising number of tests, nearly quadrupling speed and altitude records.

First Ride. Gary Cooper could have played Joe Walker. Walking as though he were wearing cowboy boots, Walker lards his speech with sounds like "Yup," "I reckon," and "Haw!" and claims that he is just "a physicist who travels." He grew up on a 200-acre farm near the Pennsylvania coal-mining town of Washington. "I don't know that I was ever a confirmed farmer," he drawls. "But you grow up doin' somethin', and you don't shake it. Physical inactivity just bugs me no end, and that's somethin' you don't suffer from on the farm."

The farm didn't hold Walker for long. He went to Washington and Jefferson College in Pennsylvania, studied physics, graduated with a B.A. degree in 1942. Even before that, he had fallen in love with flying. "Whenever an airplane went by, everything stopped for me." In his senior year at college, he and a friend decided to try their wings at a grass airfield at Waynesburg. The event had something of the character of a corn-silk smoking session behind the barn. "I tell you," he says, "there was a lot of foot-draggin' on the way. I kept wonderin' out loud if we weren't goin' the wrong way, if we oughtn't to turn around. But we went up, finally, in a yellow, two-seat Piper Cub. The pilot kept me up there for half an hour, lettin' me take the stick and whip us through a few turns and glides. After that first ride, there wasn't any doubt what I was goin' to do."

Names & Numbers. He did it first in a P-38 fighter in World War II. A weather reconnaissance pilot in the Fifteenth Air Force in Italy, Walker flew 58 missions over German-held territory around the Black Sea, Austria and Southern France. "We didn't worry much about German fighters, but we had a couple of morale machine guns strapped on in case we had to tangle with 'em. Actually, flyin' in the war was more fun than flyin' today. I felt we were livin' pretty high off'n the hog. The P-38 was a fine airplane, but hell, today there's no such thing as walkin' out there casually with your flyin' boots and your scari' trailin' over your shoulder, jumpin' in and blatin' off. Flyin' ma-



WALKER & X-15 (DARK CIGAR SHAPE) ON MOTHER PLANE
"One for today."



F-105D THUNDERCHIEF FIRING AIR-GROUND ROCKETS AT EGLIN
One for the show.

chines are too danged complex today." In 1944 Walker was mustered out of the Air Force with the D.F.C. and seven oak-leaf clusters. "mainly for lastin' through 58 missions. I think, Haw! Actually, they said it was because I did a superior job."

Within a few years, Walker had joined the small cadre of topflight test pilots at California's Edwards Air Force Base. There the day-to-day flying in unproven craft is shrouded with a cloak, striped with courage and death. The pilots remember the names and the numbers of colleagues who have folded their wings. They speak of Howard Lilly, who stacked in on take-off in his D-558-I. They remember the "beautiful" flight profile that Air Force Captain Milburn Apt Few just before they dug him and his X-; out of the desert floor near the base, and they recall the death of famed Test Pilot Iven Kincheloe Jr., who flamed out in an F-104.

And yet they fly. Joe Walker, who has felt the breath of death more than once, says, "You can't give a lot of thought to the danger. It's there. I reckon. About all you can do is hang onto that old cliché about the danger in crossin' the street or drivin' on the highway. If everybody worried about it, nobody'd do a danged thing."

ARMED FORCES

Operation Silk Hat

Nine F-105 Thunderchiefs swooped low, dropped 750-lb. bombs that disintegrated a target supply depot. A dozen F-100 Super Sabres scorched the earth with napalm. A Falcon rocket burst from an F-106 Delta Dart, sent a drone aircraft to the ground in blazing bits. As a Tactical Air Command flight of F-105s sped overhead, a simulated nuclear bomb was exploded in a miniature fireball and nonradioactive mushroom cloud. As the waves of noise, heat and blast rolled across Florida's Eglin Air Force Base, Commander in Chief John Kennedy grinned from a rocking chair. The U.S. Air Force was putting on a show for the boss—and the boss seemed impressed.

The President watched eight F-52 crews run to their planes and get into the air in 7 min. 34 sec. After Kennedy sounded a Klaxon, five Voodoo crews were airborne in 2 min. 24 sec. The President saw F-104s hit target rockets with Side-winder missiles, laughed as an ancient C-47, all souped up with JATO rockets,

shot into the sky like a jet. He inspected a line of 33 different aircraft, from the X-15 to the B-52, ducked inside a security hanger for a look at supersecret weapons.

No question about it, "Operation Silk Hat" was a good show. The Air Force had been working on it for five months. It had cost "several million" dollars. Wood and canvas buildings, erected as ground targets, cost some \$5,000 alone. Nearly 4,000 men helped set the stage, polishing all the aircraft with NEVR-DULL wax, and shining trucks that the President never saw. For the press, 23 special telephone lines and eight Teletype machines were installed. For the President, 20 white telephones, each with a White House decal, were spaced conveniently along his route.

To all the services, such presidential shows are the most serious sort of business. "In an ordinary training operation," says an Air Force general, "the attitude is 'So what?' But in a presidential show, well, it's for keeps." Adds one of his Pentagon colleagues: "They're just as tough as combat operations, and sometimes men get hurt or killed." In preparing for the Eglin show, one did, Captain Charles G. Lamb Jr., 31, of Indianapolis, died when his F-105 disintegrated at 2,000 ft. as he practiced a supersonic bomb pullout with a force of 4.25 Gs.

GEORGIA

There'll Be Some Changes Made

Not until it is honest to give eight ounces for a pound and only fifty cents for a dollar can the county unit system be anything but deception and fraud.

—Editorial in the Atlanta Journal, 1917

The late Georgia Politician Eugene Talmadge used to say that he didn't care if he never carried any county that was big enough to have a streetcar. And he had good reason to feel that way: by aiming his appeal at the back-country farms and hamlets, rough-cut "Ol' Gene" got himself elected Governor four times. So solid was his power that he was able to pass it down to his son Herman, who was twice Governor and is now a U.S. Senator.

Ol' Gene's power was built upon Georgia's county unit system, one of the most bizarre devices in U.S. state politics. The system applied only to primaries, but in Georgia the Democratic primaries are the only important elections (no Republican has been elected to statewide office in Georgia in this century). The system as-

signed each county a certain number of "unit votes"—the 38 most populous counties had six or four votes apiece, and each of the remaining 121 counties had two votes. A county's unit votes went to the candidate who got the most popular votes, and the candidate with the highest number of county unit votes won the election.

Indirect Victim. Under this arrangement, the ballot of a voter in a little piney-woods county was a lot weightier than the ballot of a voter in a large city. Example: Fulton County (Atlanta), with 556,326 inhabitants, had only three times as many unit votes as tiny Echols County (pop. 1,876); thus, one Echols voter was roughly the equivalent of 100 Fulton voters. By winning pluralities (not necessarily majorities) in a lot of small rural counties, a politician could win the Democratic nomination for Governor with a minority of the statewide popular vote. The elder Talmadge did that in 1946 with 43% of the popular vote, and Marvin Griffin did it in 1954 with only 36%.

Last week, all of a sudden, Georgia's county unit system was dead. It was an indirect victim of the Supreme Court's recent decision bringing the apportionment of seats in state legislatures under review by federal courts (TIME, April 6). That case directly involved only the Tennessee legislature, but the principle applied to any state in which citizens could claim that disproportional representation violated the 14th Amendment's requirement of "equal protection of the laws."

Scarcely more than an hour after the Supreme Court handed down its decision, an Atlanta citizens' committee filed suit in a federal court in Atlanta to have the county unit system declared unconstitutional. To ward off this new threat, the rural-dominated state legislature met in special session and hastily revised the county unit system, providing additional unit votes for the most populous counties. But that failed to save the system. The county unit system, ruled the three-judge federal court in Atlanta, was "invidiously discriminatory," violating the "equal protection" clause. Conspicuous in the courtroom when the court delivered its ruling was Atlanta's ex-Mayor William B. Hartsfield, who had fought the county unit system all during his 24 years as mayor. "We waited a long time," Hartsfield said happily. Said Atlanta's present mayor, Ivan Allen Jr.: "It would be difficult to catalogue all the evils that have resulted



BILLIE SOL ESTES



THE HOUSE AT PECOS

A great friend, a true Texan, a grand American."



FREEMAN



ANHYDROUS AMMONIA TANKS

from the system over the years. But from now on there are going to be big changes."

Massive Assault. The demise of Georgia's county unit system is the most striking of many reverberations from the Supreme Court's reapportionment decision. With remarkable speed, suits to force reapportionment have been filed or re-instituted in nearly a score of states. In Alabama a federal court has ordered the legislature to reapportion or have a court-ordered formula forced upon it. In Tennessee, where the stone that started the avalanche got rolling, Governor Buford Ellington announced last week that he was calling the legislature into special session to act on reapportionment. A suit challenging the apportionment of seats in the Georgia legislature is scheduled before a federal court in late May.

TEXAS

The Taut Miles from Pecos

Even by Texas standards, Billie Sol Estes stood out as a spectacular example of a man who got very rich very quick. At 37, he owned or was a partner in some three dozen businesses, including grain-storage facilities, a fertilizer firm, cotton plantations, a newspaper and even a funeral parlor. Estimates of his fortune ran as high as \$150 million.

A stocky, bespectacled fellow, Estes lived with his wife and five children in the most lavish house in the town of Pecos. It had palm trees out front, a 52-ft. living room with an artificial waterfall at one end, a 45-ft. swimming pool, and barbecue equipment capable of roasting three steers at once. As signs of his influence beyond the boundaries of Pecos, Estes displayed on the walls of his office autographed photos of President Kennedy, Vice President Johnson, Harry Truman, Adlai Stevenson and other Democratic notables. The Kennedy picture was inscribed: "For Billie Sol Estes, with appreciation and warm regards." Still friendlier was the inscription on the photo of Texas' liberal Democratic Senator Ralph Yarborough: "To a great friend, a true Texan, a grand American—Billie Sol Estes, of Pecos, with warm appreciation."

In the Hole. Billie Sol, as everybody in Pecos called him, had humble beginnings. A farmer's son, he was born and raised in the dusty hamlet of Clyde, Texas. Despite his worldly success, his huge barbecue parties, his orchid-colored Cadillac, he retained many traits from his Bible belt upbringing. He never drank, never uttered a cuss word, frequently delivered sermons as a Church of Christ lay preacher. He had a rule that, except for married couples, males and females (including children) could not swim in his pool at the same time.

But Billie Sol, as it turned out, had a couple of bad habits, too—and one evening last March, FBI agents came to his house and arrested him. Last week he was free on bail, but his empire had collapsed, and he was under indictment on charges of fraud and theft. West Texas was swarming with investigators trying to untangle a web of deceit, fraud and corruption that stretched the 1,500 taut miles to Washington. One major discovery about Billie Sol was that the guesses about the size of his fortune had been fantastically inaccurate; far from being worth \$150 million, or even \$1 million, he was something like \$12 million in the hole.

A Good Deal. Estes made his entrance into big-time wheeling and dealing during the late 1950s as a distributor of anhydrous ammonia, an efficient nitrogen fertilizer used in large-scale farming. He talked New York's Commercial Solvents Corp., one of the U.S.'s biggest manufacturers of anhydrous ammonia, into selling him huge quantities of the stuff on credit, reportedly with five years to pay. Then he sold the fertilizer to Texas farmers at cut-rate prices, driving rival dealers out of business and quickly making himself one of the biggest anhydrous ammonia distributors in the U.S. His losses ran into millions—but the reckoning with Commercial Solvents was still in the future. Estes used the proceeds from his money-losing fertilizer sales to buy or build grain-storage facilities. He expected to reap hefty profits from U.S. Government fees for storing crops deposited by farmers under federal price-support programs.

In order to raise additional capital for expanding his grain-storage domain, Estes concocted a weird scheme involving nonexistent anhydrous ammonia tanks (the ammonia is normally a gas, has to be stored in pressure tanks to keep it liquid). In partnership with a Texas tankmaking firm, Superior Manufacturing Co., Estes would approach farmers with a proposi-

tion that went something like this: I need more tanks for my fertilizer operations—but I'm short of ready capital, so I'm offering you a good deal. You buy some tanks from Superior on credit, sign a mortgage for them, and lease the tanks to me. I'll make the lease payments exactly equal to the mortgage payments, so you won't have to lay out any money. All you'll be doing is letting me use your credit for a while. In return, I'll pay you 10% of the purchase price.

To a lot of West Texas farmers, this sounded like something for nothing. Over the course of three years, 1959-61, farmers signed mortgages on some 33,500 storage tanks, at about \$1,000 apiece, for a total obligation of some \$33.5 million. Estes and his partners at Superior used the mortgages as collateral to get about \$22 million from commercial finance companies in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and other cities. With the heavy finance-company discounts, plus the initial 10% payments to the farmers, the scheme was a ruinously expensive way of obtaining capital. At the peak, just before his downfall, Estes was paying out something like \$100,000 a month to finance companies.

Invisible Tanks. To keep his inverted pyramid from toppling, Estes had to make fat profits from his grain-storage operations. But they never got to be fat enough. Though he did expensive favors for Agriculture Department officials, his storage facilities were only 43% full at the time of his collapse.

Estes hastened his downfall by starting a newspaper in Pecos in competition with the existing paper, the twice-weekly *Independent*. Fighting back, *Independent* Editor Oscar Griffin, 29, assigned a reporter versed in business arithmetic to study mortgage records filed in court-houses in Reeves County (where Pecos is located) and other West Texas counties. Beginning last February, after four months of investigation, Griffin wrote and published a series of articles on the tank-mortgage mess. "Reeves County," he began, "may well be the anhydrous ammonia tank capital of the world—on paper, that is." He went on to detail the absurd totals of mortgaged tanks in that section of Texas and the strange fact that most of the tanks were invisible to human eyes.

Somebody mailed clippings of Griffin's articles to the Los Angeles headquarters of Pacific Finance Corp., which had advanced Estes some \$3,000,000. A task force of Pacific investigators swooped into West Texas. Within a few days, Estes was besieged by investigators from the

finance companies, the Agriculture Department, the FBI, and the state attorney general's office. Among the more fascinating items of testimony so far:

► Three Agriculture Department officials accepted gifts of expensive clothing from Estes. According to employees of Dallas' Neiman-Marcus luxury store, Estes brazenly took them into the store and let them select their gifts—\$245 suits, \$20.95 shirts, and so forth, adding up to more than \$1,000.

► One of the officials whom Estes took into Neiman-Marcus, Administrative Assistant William E. Morris (lately fired) had additional reason to be friendly toward Estes: Morris' wife was on Estes' payroll at about \$300 a month as "Washington columnist" for the Estes newspaper in Pecos.

► Morris wrote Estes a letter saying that Minnesota's Congressman H. Carl Andersen, a member of the House subcommittee on agricultural appropriations, would be a "good Republican contact" in Congress. It might be a "good investment," Morris suggested, to help Andersen out of financial difficulties. Shortly afterwards, Morris escorted Andersen to Pecos, where Estes gave the Congressman \$4,000 for stock in a coal mine owned by the Andersen family. Estes did not bother to get a stock certificate in exchange.

► Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman on Nov. 17, 1961, confirmed Estes' appointment as a member of the Government's National Cotton Advisory Committee—although two months before, the department had fined Estes \$42,000 for violating cotton acreage-control regulations. Already under way at the time was an even bigger investigation of questionable cotton-acreage dealings by the Estes empire, for which the penalties could run to \$500,000 or more.

► Just before an investigation of Estes' cotton-acreage manipulations got under way, an Agriculture Department agent Henry H. Marshall, the man in charge of federal cotton allotments in Texas, was found dead in a Texas pasture with five bullet holes in him. He had been shot with his own bolt-action .22-cal. rifle which lay near his body. The local sheriff declared the death a suicide but there were doubts whether a man could fire five bullets into himself, pulling the bolt back after each shot.

Into the Shambles. When the Estes case first broke into public view, both Democrats and Republicans in Washington unsure who had done what to whom remained warily noncommittal. But as the disclosures piled up, it became clear that the Estes affair might be a useful campaign issue. NEW MESS IN WASHINGTON, headlined the Republican National Committee publication *Battle Line*. Illinois Senator Everett Dirksen and Indiana's Representative Charlie Halleck, the Republican leaders in Congress, called for an "all-out" congressional investigation accused the Democrats of moving too slowly.

Arkansas' Senator John McClellan promised that his Government Operations Committee would hold hearings if the

evidence warranted. Commented the *Washington Daily News*: "When a Democratic House committee stumbled on the favors bestowed on Sherman Adams of the Eisenhower Administration, there was a feverish rush to uncover all the dirt. Mr. Adams and his benefactor were unmercifully exposed—and properly so. Why all the reluctance to investigate now?"

The insistence that an all-out congressional investigation was needed got some confirmation from a minor Agriculture Department official, N. Battle Hales, who splashed onto the front pages by telling newsmen that the department had shown "favoritism" toward Estes. Hales said that he had reported his suspicions to the FBI but was switched to another bureau and denied access to the files on Estes.

In West Texas, Billie Sol's downfall brought anguish and fear. Farmers who had signed mortgages—some signed scores and even hundreds—faced ruin if the bailed finance companies could manage to hold them legally responsible for payment.

At week's end scores of investigators—federal, state and private—were still digging into the vast and malodorous shambles. It seemed likely that some gamy discoveries still lay ahead.

VIRGINIA

Less Than Merit at Merrywood

On a high, leafy bluff overlooking the Potomac in McLean, Va., just northwest of Washington, is a broad, lovely, 46-acre estate called Merrywood. There, from the time she was 13, Jacqueline Bouvier swam, played tennis, rode her pony and gamboled about. Merrywood is owned by Jackie Kennedy's stepfather, Hugh Dudley Auchincloss, who bought it in 1934 for \$135,000, and who put \$100,000 or more into such extras as a greenhouse and an indoor badminton court. But last week there was little merriment at Merrywood. Sighed its master, a gentle man who is known to friends and family as "Hughdee," and who acts more like an absent-minded professor than the wealthy investment broker that he is: "It's all very unpleasant."

The unpleasantness arose because Hugh

dee signed a contract to sell Merrywood for about \$750,000, to a syndicate that wants to build three 17-story apartment buildings on the property—which, with its environs, has been described by a local newspaper as a place of "verdant grandeur." The prospect of hundreds of apartment dwellers despoiling McLean has aroused residents of the area to an outburst of verdant vituperation.

True, Bobby Kennedy, who lives just a short piece down the road from Merrywood, discreetly avoided taking public sides. But Interior Secretary Stewart Udall, another McLean resident, was on record with "Since the time of our first President, we as a nation have recognized the Potomac Palisades as a great scenic resource, and over the years considerable effort has been expended to preserve its beauty." Others have been more outspoken, and quiet McLean has been alive with protest meetings and petitions. Gripped Radio Commentator Edward P. Morgan, whose nightly spiel is paid for by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. ("Thirteen and a half million Americans bring you Edward P. Morgan"): "I don't want my own property to be menaced by 1,200 families moving in next to me." The *Washington Post* sounded as if it were going to cross the river and fight. "No stone should be left unturned," it said.

Hughdee's representative in the sale is Lytton Gibson, a tax attorney notable for wearing rubber bands to hold up his socks. The buyers are led by a developer named Sheldon Magazine. Says Gibson: "Nothing but a bunch of longhairs and eggheads are causing all the trouble. Says Magazine: "What do they think we are building—a couple of garages or something?" Says old Hughdee, who keeps protesting his belief in free enterprise and the fact that a man should be allowed to sell to the highest bidder: "It's extraordinary; their making this fuss."



PROPOSED APARTMENTS

It's all very unpleasant.



MERRYWOOD'S MANORHOUSE

THE WORLD



HARKINS INSPECTING VIETNAMESE ARMY CORPS

Behind him: the weight of U.S. power, the word of the U.S. Government . . .

SOUTH VIET NAM

"To Liberate from Oppression"

[See Cover]

The war in South Viet Nam is a deadly game of hide-and-seek—with the fate of Southeast Asia at stake. It is a game that the U.S. is grimly determined to win.

Each hour, radio reports on battle progress pour into the headquarters of the U.S. Military Assistance Command on Saigon's Tran Hung Dao Street. Here, in a spare, map-hung office, behind an uncluttered grey desk, sits the new chief of the U.S. military mission, General Paul Donal Harkins, 57, who holds the top command in the one spot in the world where U.S. troops are involved in a shooting—if undeclared—war against Communists. Symbolic of his task are the three flags behind his desk: the U.S. Stars and Stripes, the yellow and red banner of South Viet Nam, and his red general's flag.

Tall, trim, with grey hair, steely blue eyes and a strong nose and chin, Harkins looks every inch the professional soldier. Under him serve some 5,000 U.S. troops (soon to be raised to 8,000) including the U.S. Special Forces, who are all volunteers, all former paratroopers. Their elite status is marked by a bright green beret with a badge bearing crossed arrows and knife blade, and the legend *De Oppresso Liber*—roughly, To Liberate from Oppression. It is General Harkins' demanding job to fuse these few thousand experts with the willing but incompletely trained armed forces of South Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem—170,000 regulars, 68,000 Civil Guard troops, and 70,000 Self-Defense Forces.

The U.S. Commitment. Harkins has behind him not only the full weight of U.S. power but the pledged word of the U.S. Government, which is now determined to back Diem all the way and to win in South Viet Nam even if it takes a decade—as well it may. Speaking for

President Kennedy, his brother Robert said in Saigon last February: "We are going to win in Viet Nam. We will remain until we do." Defense Secretary Robert McNamara has South Viet Nam at the very top of his daily agenda. He has made monthly visits to Hawaii for briefings on the progress of the war, and this week he is scheduled to arrive in Saigon for a first-hand look. He intends to climb into khaki work clothes and set off with Harkins on an intensive field inspection, ranging from the new "strategic hamlets" in the highlands to the training camps of the Mekong Delta, where the Green Berets—the U.S. Special Forces—are instructing Vietnamese soldiers in everything from march discipline to weapons assembly.

What McNamara will find is a remarkable U.S. military effort, mounted in the few short months since Washington decided last October to hold South Viet Nam at all costs. At Saigon airfield a steady stream of huge Globemasters unloads tons of electric generators, radar equipment, trucks and Quonset huts. More than 80 H-21 Shawnee helicopters at four airbases are serviced by U.S. ground crews, flown by U.S. pilots—including such colorful types as Lieut. Colonel Archie Clapp, who has lent his name to his squadron, "Archie's Angels." The converted aircraft carrier *Core* steams regularly upriver to Saigon, carrying men, munitions and more helicopters. The 1,000-mile stretch of the South Viet Nam coast, from the 17th Parallel to the Camau Peninsula, is patrolled by ships of the U.S. Seventh Fleet to intercept sampans or junks carrying Red supplies down from North Viet Nam.

The Face of the Enemy. All this vast deployment of men, minds and munitions is aimed at destroying the Communist Viet Cong, some 25,000 guerrillas who are as difficult to find, and as dangerous, as a scorpion in a haystack. No one knows what the U.S. is up against in the jungles



SECRETARY McNAMARA

... and the will of Washington.

of South Viet Nam without knowing the nature of the enemy.

The typical Viet Cong soldier is a thin, unkempt young man hardly reaching a G.I.'s armpit and weighing scarcely 100 lbs. Instead of riding in a Jeep or a helicopter, the Viet Cong private travels up to 40 miles a day through jungle on rubber-soled canvas shoes. His uniform is the same black calico shirt and trousers worn by all Vietnamese peasants; on his long, stringy hair he wears either a floppy jungle cap or a pith helmet covered with netting into which he thrusts camouflage appropriate to the terrain through which he is moving. His full field pack contains only a waterproof nylon sheet, a mosquito net, a hammock and some rope.

Viet Cong fighters come in three types. At bottom are the popular forces, including all ages and both sexes in a village; they are scantily armed and used mostly as porters. Promising young men from the villages graduate to the regional troops, who are charged with defending a specific district, and here the basic military training begins. At the very top are the tough, deeply indoctrinated Viet Cong regulars, usually hoarded by their Red masters for specific missions and almost never risked in battle where the issue may be in doubt.

Red Devices. The Viet Cong regular swears to a ten-point soldier's oath stressing instant obedience, dogged courage, and a complete willingness to sacrifice his life for the Communist cause. From experience, and from the manuals of Red China's Mao Tse-tung and North Viet Nam's crafty General Giap, the Viet Cong learns the tactics of speed, surprise and security. Says General Harkins: "They are a hard, tough bunch. I don't think their leaders care how long it takes, but they want to take over the world. They are resourceful and use all sorts of devices."

Among the devices; in planning an assault on a Vietnamese fortified post, the Viet Cong regulars often build a replica and stage mock attacks on it day after day until every man knows his job by heart. While the regulars practice, the Viet Cong forces from nearby villages are engaged in "preparing the battlefield." Children play near the fort in order to note the arrival and departure of government troops or when and how the guard is changed. Adult villagers hide caches of food and munitions at prearranged spots near the fort so that the regulars can travel light. On the day set for the attack, the Viet Cong regional troops take positions on roads leading to the fort in order to harass and slow up government columns moving to the rescue.

If all goes well, the sound of a bamboo drum will break the jungle silence just before dawn. At the signal the "firepower" detachment of regulars hammers the fort with mortar shells and machine-gun fire. From another direction come the Viet Cong assault troops. Blasting a way through the barbed wire with explosives tied to the end of a pole, they swarm over the rampart screaming "Tien-len [Forward]!" and pour a withering fire into the startled defenders.

As swiftly as they appeared, the Viet Cong vanish. The regulars slip into the jungle, taking with them the prisoners, guns, munitions and medical supplies they have captured. The popular forces vanish, too, going back to their villages and resuming the role of ignorant peasants who have seen nothing and heard nothing. The regional troops remain long enough to cover the withdrawal by ambushing rescue columns, mining the roads, littering the jungle trails and footpaths with concealed and deadly *panjis*—sharpened, poisoned bamboo spikes that stab through the soles of unwary pursuers.

The Greek Example. This is the kind of war the U.S. faces in South Viet Nam. How can it be won? The Communists have made a mystique of guerrilla war by winning a dozen brilliant campaigns from Yugoslavia to the mainland of China. But the Communists have lost, too, especially in Greece, Malaya and the Philippines. Says one Washington official: "In Greece 15 years ago, the existing government was reactionary and a lot of people screamed that we could not win with it. But we did, and the political situation took care of itself." Says Averell Harriman, the key Washington official in shaping U.S. policy in Southeast Asia: "The Truman Doctrine was designed to help people who were attacked by Communist guerrillas in Greece. With our help the Greeks were able to throw them out—to conquer them. Today Greece is playing an important part in the Atlantic community."

As a matter of fact, the situation in Greece was easier. The Greek government, with U.S. help, did defeat the Red guerrillas—but only after Marshal Tito closed the Yugoslav borders to Communist supplies after his epic quarrel with Russia's Stalin. The other great victories over Red guerrillas took place in similar isolation.

The Red Hukbalahaps in the Philippines had no friendly sanctuary just over the frontier, and their strength evaporated when the late President Magsaysay fought them economically as well as with guns. In Malaya, the Communist guerrillas had no contiguous border with a Red country and, being mostly Chinese, they were distinct from the Malays, who disliked them on principle. Even so, it took twelve years and 350,000 soldiers, police, and militia for Malaya to wipe out 12,000 isolated Communist guerrillas.

South Viet Nam has twice as many Red guerrillas in a country only slightly larger than Malaya. Just across the 17th Parallel lies Communist North Viet Nam, which eagerly sends men and munitions down jungle trails to the south. Beyond North Viet Nam lies Red China, and to the west, sharing a 150-mile jungle border, lies chaotic Laos, where last week the Reds took another stronghold. In Laos, U.S. policy appears exactly opposite that in South Viet Nam. The border is held by the Communist Pathet Lao, and Soviet transport planes daily land supplies at Tchepone, close to the frontier. It is madness, argues Columnist Joseph Alsop among others, for the U.S. to believe that it can gain victory in Viet Nam without holding Laos. The State Department's answer is that the U.S. is willing to settle for "neutrality" in Laos because even a costly Western triumph there could not make secure the thickly forested, almost trackless border. As in nearby Cambodia, says Washington, supplies will leak across no matter who controls the capital city.

Lessons Learned. General Harkins and his M.A.C. staff admit that their job would be even harder should Laos fall, but they are nevertheless determined to win. They know that they must move fast to make up for wasted years. Diem's army, with the concurrence of U.S. military missions, was built up as a conventional force geared to fight off a Korean-type invasion from Communist North Viet Nam. In the bitter Indo-China war, the French army had tried everything in the book, from armored columns to fortified posts to mobile units to recruiting local militia. Diem's Vietnamese army vainly followed suit—placing guard details at bridges and factories, leaving garrisons in loyal villages, building watchtowers along vital roads. U.S. officers tried to win the ideological war with technology, coming up with such win-the-war gadgets as electrified barbed wire, special chemicals that were supposed to strip the jungle of foliage, and self-generating electronic guns. Some of the gadgetry even got a thoughtful appraisal from President Kennedy in the White House.

After scarcely three months on the job in Viet Nam, General Harkins knows that a different approach is needed. He has ordered Special Forces men in the field to send in memos regularly on "Lessons Learned," which are distributed to all officers, warning against tactical errors. Example: in one case, artillery was sited on an exposed hill, aimed at the area of a prospective army attack. Said a U.S. officer drily: "Whatever the Viet Cong are, they're not dumb. When the attack was



launched, they had all decamped." Among the most important lessons learned and urgently taught to the Vietnamese: abandon the "blockhouse mentality," in which static troops defend only themselves; give up moving in large units and in big "sweeps," which accomplish nothing in the Vietnamese terrain; develop "quicker reaction time," i.e., hit back faster. The U.S. effort is aimed at helping the Vietnamese to do this themselves.

Def & Lem. Since Harkins' February arrival, the Vietnamese and his own staff have learned that the general's own "reaction time" is pretty quick. On a typical day last week, Harkins rose at 6 a.m., did the setting-up exercises that replace his favorite sports of riding, squash, golf and swimming, which he no longer has time for, and dressed in freshly pressed sun-tans, had breakfast with his attractive wife, the former Elizabeth Conner of Ewing, Neb. Arriving at Saigon airport at 8 a.m., Harkins climbed into his small L-23 transport and the pilot took off, cruising at 13,000 ft. above the rubber plantations in the rolling foothills north of Saigon.

While in flight, Harkins put on his glasses, made notes on index cards for a speech to be made to a new contingent of U.S. officers arriving next day. In clear block letters he jotted down such phrases as "Remember you are not commanders," "Diplomat discreet," and "Def . . . Lem . . . Felt . . ." In other words, he intended to tell the new men not to give orders to the Vietnamese, only to advise; they are to work hard to get along with their Vietnamese counterparts; and Defense Secretary McNamara, General Lyman Lemnitzer and Admiral Harry Felt were all arriving in a week.

Reaching Duc My training camp 170 miles northeast of Saigon, Harkins reviewed an honor guard, climbed into a Jeep with U.S. Adviser Captain William



VIET CONG PRISONERS CARRYING WOUNDED
Like scorpions in a hoystick.

Berezine of Newark, N.J., and drove to headquarters for a briefing by the camp commander, Vietnamese Colonel Dang Van Son. During the rest of the morning, Harkins saw Vietnamese trainees make a sham attack with blank ammunition on a mock Viet Cong village and then repulse an attempted ambush by "guerrillas." Amid the clatter of machine guns and explosions of "noise" grenades, Harkins commented, "These guys are really good." In one of the final demonstrations, Ranger trainees plummeted down a wire from an 80-ft. tree, screaming "Rangers kill! Rangers kill!"

Less Frigid. On departing, General Harkins asked his customary question: "Is there anything you need?" A U.S. chaplain requested a Jeep. "I can't promise I'll get you one up here this afternoon," replied Harkins. "I'll try to get it here by tomorrow." It was past noon when Harkins flew back to Saigon, his shirt dark with perspiration from the scorching tropical sun. After a light lunch, he held a staff meeting at headquarters and was filled in on the day's events and military actions, then hurried off to a conference with Diem's State Secretary Nguyen Dinh Thuan to discuss the progress of the war. At Thuan's request, these discussions will occur weekly, and it represents for Harkins a favorable breakthrough in the sometimes rigid relations between the U.S. mission and the Diem regime.

The sun was dropping behind Saigon's tree-lined streets, and Harkins had worked a 13-hour day when he returned to his white stucco home for dinner with his wife. After some talk in the cool of the evening, Harkins checked over his schedule for next day and went early to bed.

Friendly Army. The People's Daily of Red China heralded Harkins' arrival in Saigon by thundering that the general "recently held secret consultations" with U.S. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara and others in Hawaii, plotting

aggression against South Viet Nam on a larger scale, and that Harkins would in effect take over the whole show in South Viet Nam. The U.S. task might be a good deal easier if the situation were as simple as that. But as Harkins puts it: "This is South Viet Nam's war. Our role is advice and guidance, and we have tried to make them take more initiative in going out and finding the Viet Cong."

Neither in numbers nor character do the 5,000 U.S. troops resemble an army of occupation. In Saigon, leading hotels overflow with U.S. personnel—civilian as well as military—and G.I.s in Hawaiian sports shirts crowd the Blue Angel and La Bohème bars, and officers ogle bikini-clad girls at the Cercle Sportif pool. But Saigon is not typical, and the bulk of the men are hard at work in the countryside. At Danang (Tourane) last Christmas, a Vietnamese family gave a roast-duck dinner for 39 U.S. officers and men. "We want to show our appreciation for your efforts," said the Vietnamese housewife, "and we know you must be lonely away from your families." On the day that John Glenn orbited the earth, a Vietnamese captain threw his arms around a U.S. major, cried, "We put a man in space!" At scores of jungle command posts, U.S. advisers eat the same food (rice and fish sauce), sleep in cots in the same rooms, and share the hazards of the same patrols with their Vietnamese counterparts. Says a U.S. officer: "I have confidence in the Vietnamese soldier. I'd go anywhere, any time, with him." Adds another: "It will be a long, tough haul, but we'll make it."

The Maverick. In three months, General Harkins has contributed greatly to this sense of confidence. He seems to have the qualities of stability, imagination and guts that should pay off in Viet Nam. His war service has ranged from staff posts to the front line, and his chestful of decorations includes France's *Croix de guerre*, Russia's Order of the Fatherland, and



PATTON & HARKINS (1944)
Like two beans in a pod.

South Korea's Military Order of Taeguk, as well as the U.S. Distinguished Service Medal with oak-leaf cluster. Harkins seldom shouts. If an officer does not measure up, he is quietly shipped out. One colonel remembers that the worst dressing-down he ever received was when Harkins looked him in the eye and said coldly: "You didn't do your job."

Harkins got into the Army by accident. Born in the Jamaica Plain section of Boston in 1904, he was the second of five children of Edward Harkins, a reporter and drama critic on Boston newspapers for 30 years. The elder Harkins, who is now 90, had his own ideas of what was culturally best for his three sons, and for Boston. Paul's brother, Philip, now a novelist in California, remembers grimly that "every Friday afternoon he made all of us go to the Boston Symphony, where we had to sit without moving or wriggling on the hardest wooden seats in the world. One at a time, we each had to go with him to operas, plays, and all performances of the Handel and Haydn Society. But the symphony was toughest. God, how we suffered on those hard chairs!"

Paul Harkins admits that he was the "maverick of the family." His grades were so bad that he dropped out of school at 12 to work as a delivery boy for Paramount, trotting around from theater to theater with movie reels. Several years ago at a New York dinner, Harkins met Film Maker Adolph Zukor, who said, "General, you're a handsome man. We could have used you in the movies." Replied Harkins, "Hell, I worked for Paramount years ago, but no one made me an offer."

From Point to Point. Harkins had long been addicted to horses, and he joined the Massachusetts National Guard when he discovered that he could get free rides in the cavalry troop. This led to diligent cramming for West Point, where he played hockey and polo and graduated a respectable 134th in his class of 299.

World War II found Harkins assigned

as assistant chief of staff to General George ("Blood and Guts") Patton, serving under that skilled, flamboyant leader from North Africa to the bloody slash into Nazi Germany. Outwardly, the two were totally different: Patton, a shootin', cussin' swashbuckler; Harkins, quiet, firm, invariably polite. But a fellow officer says, "I really think that inside, he and Patton were the same." The same, certainly, in their drive for victory.

In the postwar years Harkins had a tour as commandant of cadets at West Point and a year in Korea—serving first as Taylor's chief of staff and then as commander, respectively, of the 45th and 24th Divisions. He was on duty in Hawaii when Army Chief of Staff George Decker recommended him to President Kennedy for the Saigon post.

Barrier Against Aggression. In Saigon Harkins joined forces with U.S. Ambassador Frederick Nolting, 50, a big, ruggedly handsome Virginian, who before joining the State Department in 1946 was a teacher of philosophy, an investment broker, a peanut planter and a wartime Navy lieutenant commander. Ambassador Nolting is the senior U.S. policy spokesman in South Viet Nam. In practice he lets Harkins run the military side, while the general defers to the ambassador in political matters. But both men recognize that the two fields are inextricably interwoven, that the West cannot win a purely military victory in South Viet Nam.

Nolting has probably done more than anyone else to persuade Washington to stick with Diem. He knows all of Diem's familiar shortcomings—his authoritarian rule, which has 30,000 political prisoners under arrest, his inability to delegate authority, his refusal to allow any political opposition, the excessive powers vested in his family. But Nolting sees no alternative to Diem, insists accurately that he is a man of personal honesty, high courage and deep dedication. In Washington last January, President Kennedy bluntly asked



DIEM & NOLTING'S
Persuading, not pushing.

Nolting whether we could win with Diem. His reply: "Yes, but it will be difficult."

Since then, Nolting has defended Diem against all comers, has reproved U.S. correspondents for not taking a "constructive" approach to Viet Nam's problems, above all has decided that Diem cannot be pushed around but must be persuaded. Not long ago, he went hunting with Diem's influential brother, the No. 2 man in Viet Nam, Ngo Dinh Nhu, and stayed up talking philosophy and politics with him till 6 a.m. After such experiences, Nhu calls Nolting "the most intelligent ambassador the U.S. has ever sent here." Diem and his brother now seem more responsive to U.S. advice.

Says Nolting: "NATO was formed as a barrier against overt attack, and it has held up for 13 years. We haven't yet found a barrier against covert aggression. If we can find such a technique, we'll have bottled up the Communists on another front."

Better Life. Some top Vietnamese officials think that they have found such a technique in the strategic hamlets. This U.S.-backed plan had its origin in Malaya's winning war against Communist guerrillas. Its purpose is to isolate the Reds in the countryside by moving the peasants from their scattered huts into a central location. In some cases, the peasants have been shifted to totally new areas and given new land. In most, those dwelling on the outskirts of a village are resettled inside it. The village is then surrounded by a ditch, earthen ramparts and barbed wire, and admittance can be gained only through two gates where villagers are checked as they come and go.

Some 2,000 strategic hamlets are being set up, many with U.S. aid, and Diem's government—perhaps too optimistically—is planning another 10,000 before year's end. The primary object of the scheme is to cut off the Viet Cong from the food.

▲ Aboard the U.S. submarine *Bluegill* in Saigon harbor. Right: Lieut. Commander James H. Barry.



U.S.-VIETNAMESE RANGER TRAINING CAMP
Eating the same food, sharing the same hazards.

shelter and general assistance that they have long received from the peasants—either through sympathy or intimidation. Each strategic hamlet is to be equipped with a medical clinic, a school, and an office to disburse badly needed agricultural credits. Where this has been done so far, grumbling died out after a week or two as the peasants realized that life actually was better than it had been before.

Deep Penetration. As security improves, the U.S. hopes that the villagers will stop supporting the Viet Cong and that desertions from the Communist bands will rise. An important gain would be in intelligence. For years, peasants kept their mouths sealed for fear of having their throats cut by the Communists. But if the strategic hamlets and the self-defense forces can end the Viet Cong terror, the peasants will be far more willing to give information to the side that looks like the winner.

While supporting the plan, Harkins warns of dangers ahead. If too many strategic hamlets are built, particularly in areas where they cannot really be defended, they would merely serve as convenient targets for the Reds, says Harkins: "You cannot put the whole country in strategic hamlets."

If the country-wide strategy of "clean-and-hold" is to succeed, says Harkins, the Vietnamese army must take a far more aggressive role. U.S. helicopters enable troops to land smack in the middle of Viet Cong headquarters deep in the jungles or on marshy islands. The Vietnamese high command is now listening to a U.S. veteran of Merrill's Marauders who argues for "deep penetration" battalions able to exist for weeks on end in mountains and forest. The Viet Cong are expected to react with well-planned assaults on the new strategic hamlets, but improved communications—each hamlet will have its two-way radio—will bring,

within minutes it is hoped, swift reinforcements in the ubiquitous helicopters.

Hearts & Minds. It has become a truism of the Viet Nam situation that in the long run the war will be decided by the peasants. Says Harkins again and again: "What is needed for victory is to win the hearts and minds of the people." The hearts and minds do not come cheaply, because so much has been promised them—by both the Viet Cong and Diem's government—that their level of expectation is relatively high. Basically, they do not want night raids and terror from the Communists, but neither do they want widespread conscription in the Vietnamese army or forced labor on government roads and fortifications. What they do need desperately is medical care, maternity and pediatric clinics, educational opportunities, and such practical items as water pumps.

U.S. economic assistance in the past has been almost exclusively channeled through the government, was painfully slow to reach the village level. Both Nolting and Harkins want to change this (Arthur Gardiner, chief of the aid program, is being replaced), and Harkins would like to see field commanders have available "extra equipment, extra food and extra medicine to give the peasants right away."

If an inspection trip reveals an economic instead of a military need, Harkins is quick to ask for it—recently he transmitted to the U.S. economic officials a request for water buffaloes from a hard-pressed coastal village in the south. Says Harkins: "Nobody ever won any medals for keeping things stored in a warehouse. Washington is certainly cooperating. Never in my years in the Army have I seen such support as I get here." Secretary McNamara's trip is itself a part of an attitude that says, "See what the people need and get it to them."

Vertical Drop. No one, least of all General Harkins, argues that the tide of battle has turned against the Viet Cong. No timetable for victory has been established, and no accurate assessment of the up-and-down guerrilla war is yet possible. Some hopefully point to the fact that the usually resourceful Viet Cong have not yet developed a way of coping with the "vertical envelopment" by the U.S. helicopters. Others recall that the Viet Cong still get most of their weapons simply by capturing them from U.S.-supplied self-defense forces.

Harkins has at least won a breathing spell. Viet Cong raids and ambushes last month averaged 100 a week, as against 135 the month before. Communist casualties reached 6,000, double those of the Vietnamese army. Within weeks, the rainy season will engulf South Viet Nam in torrential downpours, and the fighting seems certain to diminish even further. During the next six months, therefore, the strategic hamlets will have full opportunity to prove themselves. Says Harkins: "I am an optimist, and I am not going to allow my staff to be pessimistic." Echoes Ambassador Nolting: "We are not out of the woods. But we think that the Vietnamese and we have found a way to get out of the woods one of these days."

SOUTH KOREA

Well-Timed Clemency

A year ago, baby-faced Lieut. General Chang Do Yung was the swaggering front man of South Korea's tough new military junta, which had just seized power. Less than two months later, his fellow revolutionary, General Park Chung Hee placed him under house arrest, then clapped him into Seoul's red brick Sodamun prison. The charges: during the early hours of the takeover, Chang had harbored subversive doubts, had mildly tried to stop the coup. For this, Chang was sentenced to hang, but the penalty was later commuted to life imprisonment.

Last week, looking wan and carrying a small bundle of personal belongings, Chang, 39, was freed. Humbly he told reporters: "I am sorry for causing all this trouble." With his wife, he took a taxi to a cousin's home (his own luxurious villa had long been rented), then knelt in prayer with his family and a Korean Presbyterian minister.

Chang owed his freedom to Strongman Park, who also released seven other military rivals. Said Park: "I was moved by their contribution to the success of the revolution, despite their serious offenses later. They are now being given a last chance to render service to their country."

Park's acts of mercy clearly reflected the regime's increased confidence in its ability to hold a tight rein on internal security. But such clemency was timed to serve an additional purpose: next week the junta celebrates the first anniversary of its triumph, and Park is anxious to show influential foreign guests invited for the occasion that he can be a kindly strongman.



STRATEGIC HAMLET IN VINH LONG PROVINCE
Seeking a way out of the woods.



ROYAL GATHERING AT AMSTERDAM'S AMSTEL HOTEL
Like Greyhound passengers rattling through Kansas.

THE NETHERLANDS

Hiep, Hiep, Hoera!

Amsterdam last week was decorated with a million tulips, a billion gaily colored lights, and the most lavish array of royalty that Europe has seen since the coronation of Britain's Queen Elizabeth II in 1953. To celebrate Queen Juliana's 53rd birthday and 35th wedding anniversary, five other reigning monarchs and a pride of princes trooped to The Netherlands. In a three-day round of banquets, balls and royal rubbernecking that left even the doubtful Dutch amazed at their red-blooded stamina, the bluebloods seemed less of an anachronism and considerably more attractive—than café society at play.

Ogled Oligarch. Juliana's top-ranking guests were Queen Elizabeth, one of the world's richest women,* and the Shah of Iran, whose pretty young Empress Farah was the week's most ogled oligarch. The other reigning monarchs on hand: Norway's King Olav V, Luxembourg's Grand Duchess Charlotte, and King Baudouin of the Belgians, who arrived a day late in order to spare Queen Fabiola who is reportedly pregnant, the full rigors of a royal wedding.

Many titled heads came from principalities and powers that no longer exist, such as Lippe-Biesterfeld, the stamp-sized German principality once ruled by the family of Prince Bernhard, Juliana's live-in husband. Some of the noblest names were borne by hard-working royals such as Britain's globe-trotting Princess Alexandra and Dr. Louis Ferdinand, Prince of Prussia, a grandson of Kaiser Wilhelm II who once worked as a mechanic in a Detroit auto plant. Going Dutch with their Queen, Amsterdam's city fathers contrib-

uted \$28,000 to the royal revels, while 150,000 loyal Dutchmen enthusiastically lined the city's ancient canals to roar "Hiep, hiep, hoera!" and sing a patriotic song called *Tulips of Amsterdam, Offered to You, Our Queen*.

So that the Hohenzollerns could catch up with the Habsburgs, and young princes with eligible princesses, Queen Juliana democratically lodged all 150 guests at Amsterdam's plush Amstel Hotel instead of scattering them through her own draughty palaces. (Hotel bill, \$7,000.) She showed equal sense when it turned out that a royal expedition to the famed Keukenhof tulip fields would have to buck traffic jams swollen by a European soccer cup final in Amsterdam. Instead of sending her guests by car or state coach, Juliana packed them into three buses, each specially equipped with a bar, and the riders looked for all the world like Greyhound passengers rattling through Kansas. The experience was so novel, and the Queen's liquor supply so generous, that the royals had a high old time. Reported one bus driver: "They were thrilled by the idea. They made jokes about themselves, changed seats a lot and visited around."

Twining & Twisting. A more conventional setting for a royal fling was the Dutch luxury liner *Orange*, which its owners lent to Queen Juliana for an evening cruise along the North Sea Canal. Sporting \$12 million worth of jewelry, the



BUSLOAD OF ROYALTY

titled guests were joined midway by 180 college friends of Juliana's four daughters. Among the friends: a 25-year-old lawyer, Bob Steensma, who has often been photographed holding hands and drinking wine with Princess Beatrix, 24, heiress apparent to the Dutch throne.

After ordering off the press corps to ensure privacy, Queen Juliana clapped her hands like a schoolmistress to start the dancing. Beatrix danced happily with her beau. Her younger sister Irene twined and twisted indefatigably with students and German princes. Britain's comely Alexandra was seldom separated from Prince Karl von Hesse, 25, one of the many princelings vying for her favor. One of the smoothest twisters of all was Britain's Prince Philip. Queen Elizabeth also danced but, said Italian Handicapper Cosmo Gile, "she didn't do the twist or anything like it. She danced like a Queen. As on every other night the revels lasted until 4 a.m. By the time the last princely couples found their way back to the hotel even the tulips had folded."

POLAND

For Another Millennium

Communist Poland has a continuing cold war all its own, between the Roman Catholic faithful of Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński and the Red bureaucrats of Party Boss Wladyslaw Gomułka. Recently, the cold war has been getting hotter.

For months the cardinal has fumed because Gomułka failed to convene a long dormant committee on church-state relations intended to review political harassment of religious activities. Finally, in a series of Lenten sermons, Wyszyński sharply criticized the regime in two attacks on state-sponsored atheism, a third on birth control and the Polish system of legal abortion. For good measure, he con-

* British ex-Queen Wilhelmina, Juliana's mother, whose fortune has been estimated at more than \$1 billion. Queen Elizabeth's personal fortune, some \$700 million, was founded by her second great-grandmother Queen Victoria.

Front row in the picture at left: Prince Philip; Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg; Queen Elizabeth; the Shah of Iran; Queen Juliana; Prince Bernhard; Princess Armgard of Lippe-Biesterfeld (Bernhard's mother); Princess Jean of Luxembourg; Empress Farah; Princess Felix of Luxembourg; Princess Marina; Duchess of Kent. Second row, directly behind Queen Juliana: Princess Beatrix. The picture at right, left, waiting to Empress Farah (center, second row); next to her, right, Princess Marina; behind them, Shah and Empress, standing in the aisle. Prince Bernhard, talking to King Olav of Norway; Queens Juliana and Elizabeth.

demned the party-controlled press for "throwing mud at our priests" by publishing the lurid "confessions" of unfrocked clerics.

The Red response was quick and virulent. Warsaw's *Zycie Warszawy*, in a rare personal attack on the cardinal, charged him with deliberately seeking to provoke an "atmosphere of persecution and martyrdom." Last week Cardinal Wyszyński hit back. He journeyed to the ancient western Polish city of Gniezno on a pilgrimage in honor of Poland's first patron saint, St. Adalbert.* Though city officials barred the procession from its traditional route through the center of town because of "traffic problems," 8,000 hymn-singing worshippers solemnly marched in a cold

through. Norway would pull out. Otherwise, Oslo will start negotiating for membership terms this summer—and the bargaining should not be difficult. Half of Norway's most important exports (fish, metals, paper) are already bought by Common Market customers. In addition, Norway's highly developed hydroelectric power system would fill a gap in the energy needs of the Six. The hardest bargaining will be over Norway's desire to protect its fishing fleet—foreign fishing boats now must stay twelve nautical miles from Norway's coast—and its inefficient, small-scale, heavily subsidized agriculture.

Norway's application closed the books on prospective candidates for full membership in the economic community—not

The Hitchhiker

At a Washington reception last week, President Kennedy raised his glass in welcome to a visitor. "I think most of you know something of his life," Kennedy said, "his distinguished service in World War I when he lost his leg, his five years in Dachau, which tested the strength of his political convictions, and his efforts since that time to maintain the integrity and security of his country." The visitor was Alfons Gorbach, 63, Chancellor of Austria, and his mission in Washington was plain: to get U.S. backing for Austria's application for associate membership in the Common Market.

A lawyer by training and a resourceful negotiator, Christian Socialist Gorbach symbolizes his country's mellow talent for compromise and conciliation; after Dachau he urged a forgive-and-forget attitude toward ex-Nazis not guilty of specific crimes. ("Good Lord," I asked myself, "how often shall victory and persecution alternate with each other?") But last week even Gorbach's conciliatory skills could not budge the U.S. from its stand opposing Market entry of neutral nations.

The U.S. acknowledges that, unlike traditional neutrals Sweden and Switzerland, with whom Austria filed a joint membership application, Austria is in a "special situation," thrust into involuntary neutrality as a Soviet condition in its 1955 peace treaty. U.S. officials appreciate Gorbach's argument that, while Austria is neutral, it is not neutralist; its sympathies are with the West. Moreover, argues Gorbach, 55% of Austria's trade is with Common Market countries. But Washington feels that neutrals should not share in the economic advantages of the Market unless they are willing to sacrifice some of their national sovereignty in economic, and eventually political, matters—a price none want to pay.

Gorbach got a word of advice from one U.S. official; he might receive a better hearing from the Market nations if Austria applied separately, instead of in conjunction with the so-called "voluntary" neutrals, Sweden and Switzerland. "Austria is like the pretty girl hitchhiking," went the Washington homily. "A car crowded with men slows down to pick her up, but speeds up when her two boy friends come out of their hiding place in the ditch to try to get a ride too."

ALGERIA

Object: Destruction

Instead of keeping Algeria French, the Secret Army's terrorists now seemed determined to destroy it. "If we are forced to leave," they threaten, "we will leave the country the way we found it in 1830." Meanwhile, they are desperately trying to provoke a racial war that would goad the Moslems to revolt and wreck the cease-fire agreement. Last week was the bloodiest since the cease-fire began.

Booby-Trapping Cars. On the Algiers waterfront one day last week, the carnage began when a booby-trapped car exploded.



"HARD FOR A CAMEL TO PASS THROUGH THE EYE OF A NEEDLE. INDEED! WHY, HAROLD, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CHANGE YOUR SPECIES!"

drizzle to an open-air Mass before the 980-year-old cathedral. Predicted the cardinal: despite continuing Communist threats, "the church in Poland will continue for another millennium."

COMMON MARKET

Toward Ten

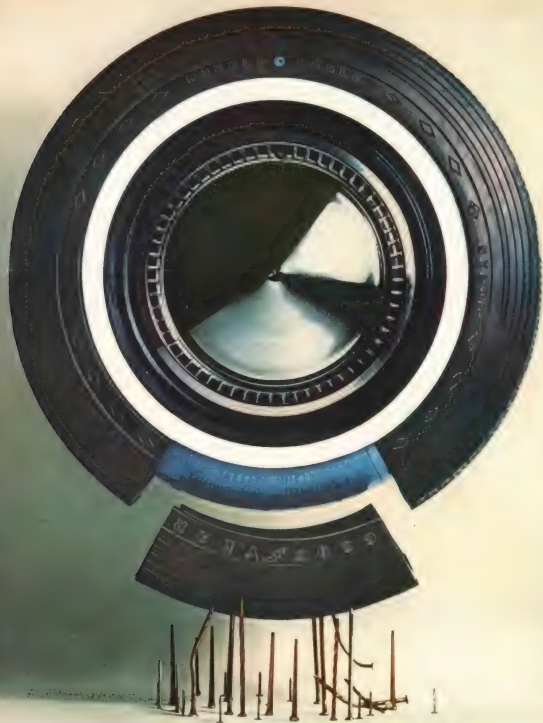
Several members of the Norwegian Parliament received scrawled notes threatening death if they voted to join the Common Market; religious extremists railed against the possibility of a Catholic influx from Western Europe into Lutheran Norway. But after four days of sober debate, ending in a solid 113-37 vote of approval, Norway last week formally applied for full membership in the thriving six-nation economic community.

As in the case of Denmark and Ireland, who have also asked to join, the major hitch to Norway's application is the outcome of Britain's complicated negotiations with the Six. If London's bid falls

counting the countries clamoring for associate membership, notably Austria and other neutrals (see below). Within three years or less the Six will be Ten, stretching from the Arctic Circle to the Mediterranean, from the Alps to the Atlantic.

As for British membership, many feel that Britain cannot become a "European" power without sacrificing its Commonwealth relations, a dilemma memorably described by Cartoonist Cummings (see cut). But the founding father of European unity, France's Jean Monnet, last week assured Britain that Market members are eager for it to join. The farsighted Monnet, 73, gazed even beyond the day when continental Europe and Britain will merge, predicted that European unity "will play a vital part in creating conditions leading to real peace between East and West." Said Monnet: "When the partnership of America and a united Europe makes it plain to all that the West may change from within but that others cannot change it by outside pressures, the conditions will exist for a lasting settlement between the Soviet Union and the West. I don't think we shall have to wait long for this change."

* Bishop of Prague, who was massacred in 997 while on missionary expedition among the pagan Prussians. His body was ransomed by the Polish duke, Boleslaw the Brave, and buried in Gniezno. Adalbert was canonized about 999.



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GOODYEAR

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PANAGRA

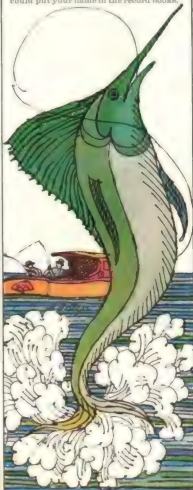
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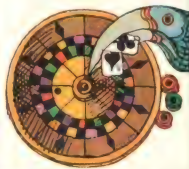
RUB ELBOWS WITH GAUCHOS AT A PARTY ON THE PAMPAS. Sunday is the day for the outdoor feast Argentines call an asado. Cold wine, vibrant guitars, new-found friends and you get together over barbecued sides of beef.



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**INSPECT THE SECRET CHAMBERS
WHERE THE INQUISITION RULED.** Lima's 16th century echos in the Camara del Secreto, where the Inquisition dealt in death. In the ancient chambers today you'll see relics from this reign of terror.



killing 62 Moslem dockers gathered for the morning shape-up and wounding another 110, including many youngsters brought along on the theory that the S.A.O. would spare Moslems accompanied by children. European dockers had been tipped off beforehand and had kept out of sight. But enraged Moslems scrambling from the scene grabbed the first Frenchman they saw driving by, a hapless Sahara oil worker on leave, and cut his throat.

S.A.O. killers went on to bomb unemployed Moslems queuing for relief at a social-security office and to shell a Moslem café with mortar fire. In Oran, where tough General Joseph Katz delayed an all-out offensive against the S.A.O. while awaiting additional French troops, Secret Army snipers fired on Moslems from the rooftops; European householders cheered. On the city's broad Boulevard Joffre, six Moslems were shot dead as police and soldiers stood aloof. Brazenly, the S.A.O. bombed the heavily guarded 14th-floor office of Oran's new prefect. The day's toll: 110 dead throughout Algeria; 104 of them Moslems; 140 wounded.

Though the S.A.O. had so far failed to provoke Moslems to massive retaliation against the Europeans of Algeria, there were signs that Algerian nationalist discipline was beginning to crack. Near Tlemcen, five French Spahis were killed in their sleep by Moslem soldiers. The five-man Council of Greater Algiers, which controls the city's half-million Moslem population, charged French laxity in suppressing European terrorism. In the Algiers Casbah, where Moslems have instituted their own 24-hour guard, an F.L.N. spokesman wondered how long the Algerian population could be held down. "We have a list of 5,000 known S.A.O. men. We know where they live and what they have done. If the French police and army are incapable, we will be forced to act ourselves."

Murdering Children. De Gaulle's high commissioner in Algeria, Christian Fouchet, still hesitated to use the Moslem "force locale" to patrol European-populated cities (except for one battalion in Oran) for fear of worsening the racial strife. But from his fortified headquarters at Le Rocher Noir, he clamped a tighter curfew on Algiers, promised new tough measures, and hinted that he would ship home all French officials sabotaging the Algerian administration by go-slow tactics. In a broadcast ultimatum, Fouchet tried to shock Europeans to their senses. "What do you think would happen to you the day the Moslem community is no longer able to control its despair or its anger, the day it sweeps down on the European community? When you look each other in the eye, at home, amongst your families, do you not ask yourself what the world, what France is thinking? I demand that you disavow the murderers of children."

The S.A.O. answered by machine-gunning seven more Algiers Moslems, and by sending a booby-trapped gasoline truck hurtling down onto the Casbah. Exploding just short of its mark, the flaming tanker blackened houses for 300 yds., but killed only one Moslem youth.

FRANCE

Bibiche

"Where is my wife?" asked S.A.O. Chief Raoul Salan when the Santé Prison gates closed on him in Paris last month. Slight, trim Lucienne Salan had been an army nurse when he met her in Indo-China in 1938, and when in 1944 Salan finally joined the Free French, she became an army driver. *La Bibiche* (little doe), the soldiers called the frail woman with the thin legs, the long face the velvet eyes. But she was harder than she looked, and as her husband moved up the army ladder, she supervised his schedule, his appointments, his travel (avoid airplanes), even his drinks (Scotch with plain water, in a chilled glass).



MISE. SALAN WITH HUSBAND'S PICTURE
She became General Lucienne.

General Lucienne, they now began to call her.

In 1958 when Charles de Gaulle came back to power and Salan as French commander in Algeria debated how to receive him, anti-Gaullist Lucienne Salan announced: "If you go out to meet him you will do it over my body." She lay down in front of the door, and Salan and a dozen high-ranking officers gently stepped over her. In 1961 Lucienne Salan followed her husband into the Generals' Revolt against De Gaulle, and when the putsch collapsed, she slipped into hiding with him. Lucienne adored her general; it was Salan's insistence on spending an Easter weekend with her in an Algiers apartment that led finally to his arrest—and Lucienne's own imprisonment in Fresnes Prison a few days later.

Last week, Lucienne Salan, weakened by a heart ailment, was released, allowed to go to a convent of her own choice, near Avignon. Against her had been lodged only the minor civil charge of using a false identity card. Her husband remains in Cell 57 of Santé Prison, preparing to go on trial for his life next week. His request to subpoena President de Gaulle and ex-Presidents René Coty and Vincent Auriol among 39 defense witnesses has been refused. But he has been granted use of an electric razor to shave off the moustache he was wearing as a disguise when captured.

NATO

Substitute for Bombs

A shrill bell rang in Athens' marble Parliament chamber, and the top ministers of the 15 North Atlantic Treaty nations sat down once again to debate the question of atomic weapons. As had been obvious for weeks, Washington's long-standing scheme to give NATO its own nuclear striking force was virtually dead before the annual spring conference began. Britain, with its own bomb, was not interested, and Charles de Gaulle was too busy developing France's *force de frappe* to concern himself with putting nuclear weapons in the hands of others. In fact, the U.S. itself now was less than enthusiastic about the idea; among many

Washington officials, there is a nagging doubt as to the wisdom of putting 15 fingers on the trigger of the Bomb.

A compromise scheme to soothe the disappointed West Germans and Dutch—and to give Europe a greater sense of participation—was an American proposal to furnish all NATO governments with some more precise information about the stockpiles of U.S. atomic weapons based on their soil, including a general outline of the targets assigned to each weapon. A more tangible substitute for a nuclear striking force: Washington announced that five missile-armed Polaris submarines henceforth will be assigned to NATO. The vessels will remain under U.S. admirals, with U.S. crews, but the move should bolster confidence in the U.S. readiness to defend Europe.

Apart from weapons talk, the task of the U.S. was to clarify for the skeptical West Germans and French its proposals to the Soviet Union in the latest round of probing talks on Berlin (TIME, May 4). Most of the clarifying took place at table. By the time everyone had his meals and his say, it seemed clear that NATO's more important members were in general agreement with the U.S.'s initiative to seek a Berlin settlement—if the Russians really want one.

Following the familiar cyclical pattern after the brief period of reduced tensions, a hard tone was creeping back into the

U.S.-Soviet dialogue. Reason: Moscow's continuing insistence that any deal include removal of Western troops from Berlin. With U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk standing firm, Pravda unleashed another of its blasts at the U.S.

UNITED NATIONS

Still a Mystery

Ever since Dag Hammarskjöld's DC-6 crashed and burned in the forest near Ndola, Northern Rhodesia, eight months ago, the United Nations has been trying to determine whether it was an accident or sabotage. Last week, after hearing dozens of witnesses in five cities, an investigating commission issued its final verdict: Cause unknown.

A Swiss scientist who examined the wreckage decided that the cause was probably "human failure" by the pilot. But the U.N. panel refused to accept or reject this possibility, remained similarly non-committal toward any other theory, including sabotage by Katanga forces, who were battling U.N. troops at the time.

The only new finding: a grim postscript from the Swedish Royal Medical Board. Contrary to earlier belief, the Secretary-General did not die instantly when he was thrown clear of the burning plane, but lay struggling for air in the bush until he suffocated because of injuries to his lungs, chest and spine.

PAKISTAN

The Basic Democrats

Since Pakistan's Mohammed Ayub Khan seized power in 1958, he has argued that Western-style constitutions are unsuited to new, underdeveloped nations. Banning political parties, he blamed for pushing the country to the brink of chaos, benevolent Dictator Ayub set out to establish a system of "basic democracies" that would steer a middle road between authoritarian rule and untrammelled democracy. Last week, after putting his compromise to the test in the first nationwide election held since Pakistan won its independence in 1947, Ayub Khan declared accurately enough that the country has made "a very happy beginning."

Instant Divorce. In fact, President Ayub left Pakistan little opportunity to do otherwise. Forbidden under martial law to use party labels, most candidates for the 150 seats in Pakistan's new National Assembly campaigned on the bland platform of "identification with the ideology of Pakistan." They were not elected directly by the people but by an elite electorate consisting of 80,000 members of village and town councils—less than one-thousandth of the population—whom Ayub calls "persons of status in their communities." In the average constituency, six candidates vied for only 500 votes. While the electors, or basic democrats in Ayub parlance, are 80% literate (national average: 16%), a basic drawback of the system is that they include few intellectuals or business and professional leaders. Thus Ayub's electoral sys-

tem is far from representative of society as a whole—although it is certainly closer to democracy than such authoritarian regimes as Egypt's or Indonesia's, which use similar political labels.

Since there are too few voters for Western-style political rallies, most campaigning was done in Pakistan's exclusively male teashops or candidates' homes. After politicians passed the word that curried lamb and spiced pilau would be served to voters and their families, some homes were so crowded that the government dusted off an old regulation forbidding more than 35 guests to be served at a time. Well-heeled candidates even rented elegant bungalows and hired entertainers and night watchmen, aiming to keep voters out of reach of other candidates until the time came to haul them to the polls.

The basic voters showed their support



PRESIDENT AYUB

A happy start—for the like-minded.

for Ayub's system with a 95% turnout that ignored clandestine appeals to boycott the polls. They heavily endorsed three of Ayub's ministers who were running for the National Assembly—notably Kashmir Affairs Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, a zealous champion of Ayub's ambitious land reforms, who was elected from a Sind constituency dominated by feudal landlords who have been hardest hit by land redistribution. Ayub's biggest triumph was the voters' overwhelming rejection of orthodox Moslem extremists, who stumped for "purification" of society and repeal of such Ayub-sponsored reforms as a ban on polygamy and the traditional Moslem system of instant divorce at the husband's whim (by intoning "I divorce thee" three times).

Brotherly Criticism. Despite such Ayub successes, the election returns showed that Pakistanis want a system that is more genuinely democratic than any-

thing envisaged by Ayub. The great majority of all elected candidates are former members of banned parties. At least 100 belonged to the old Moslem League, whose leader in West Pakistan is none other than Ayub's elder brother, Sardar Bahadur Khan. Moslem League Bahadur is outspokenly critical of his brother's contention that political parties, when restored, should be confined to "like-minded people" within the National Assembly, where his Moslem Leaguers will probably have a two-thirds majority.

In defense of his limited democracy, President Ayub protests that it is Pakistan's best protection against the demagogic misrule that plagued the nation for eleven years under a parliamentary system inherited from the British. Says he: "The curse of Pakistan is an intelligentsia which doesn't understand its own country and its own conditions. We are called heretics if we don't rigidly follow the Western system." Heresy or not, if this week's elections for the provincial assemblies follow the pattern of voting for the National Assembly, Ayub Khan will be under strong pressure from unlike-minded politicians to restore a greater measure of democracy when martial law is lifted in June.

INDIA

Tough Talk for Peking

As the Himalayan snows melted, fighting started again in India's shadow war with Red China for control of the vast border region (TIME, April 6). Prime Minister Nehru last week accused the Chinese of new incursions across India's mountain frontier—and he was talking tougher to Peking than ever before.

While India would "dislike exceedingly" going to war with China, Nehru said that he was "prepared to meet any step that the Chinese may take." China was taking a new aggressive tone, said Nehru, because "it is clear that the Chinese are rather apprehensive about our growing strength." He rejected the Chinese demand that India withdraw immediately from two new border outposts in the Ladakh area of Kashmir: "We propose to remain there; we are not going to move because of any Chinese threats."

Nehru even criticized China's internal situation, said that continued poor harvests and a multiplying population were causing an "explosive situation" inside China. Openly critical of China's foreign policy, Nehru bluntly accused Peking of "creating situations and tensions among the nations of Asia." Angriely he refuted China's contention that Tibetans in refugee camps in India were being recruited to trigger a revolt in Tibet. "Whatever might happen to Tibet in the future," he said, "it is obvious who is now riding on the backs of the Tibetan people."

The nagging doubt remained that Nehru had often in the past put up a brave front against the Chinese, only to back down again. But for the time being, both Parliament and the Indian press cheered his new hard line.

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Devaluing the Dollar

The slow-starting campaign toward Canada's national election on June 18 seemed an election in search of an issue—an easy-to-grasp, dollars-and-cents sort of issue. Last week Prime Minister John Diefenbaker's Tory government suddenly—and perhaps unwillingly—provided one. After vainly trying to stem a run on the sagging Canadian dollar, the government decided to peg the Canadian dollar's exchange rate at a low 92½¢ to the U.S. dollar. (In Canada, the U.S. dollar will be worth \$1.08.)

Alone among the 75 members of the International Monetary Fund, Canada had let its exchange rate bob free ever since 1950. But the IMF, and its able Swedish director, Per Jacobsson, have been increasingly irritated at the way Canada has been manipulating its dollar to try to jog the slumping Canadian economy. The IMF turned up the heat on Ottawa to peg its dollar at a fixed rate.

As it turned out, the Tory government got more devaluation than it bargained for. Since last October, the foreign exchange fund has been forced to spend \$516 million of its U.S. reserves not to press the dollar down farther, but to prop it up at 95¢ U.S. Last month the drain on its reserves was \$115 million. Last fortnight heavy selling by foreign exchange speculators betting that the Canadian dollar would slump still lower suddenly raised serious doubt that the government could hold the line without exhausting the exchange fund altogether—and confronted it with a tricky political choice. Rather than let the challenging Liberals' moan about the run on the dollar, the Tory government boldly decided to flee to the pegged rate (backed if necessary by the resources of the IMF).

"This means," thundered Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, trying to make the best of it, "increased exports, increased jobs and more prosperity for all Canada." Liberal Leader Lester Pearson, trying to make the worst of it, labeled it "a confession of the complete failure of the government's economic policy." Certainly the devaluation seemed to strike at Canadians' instinctive pride in their dollar, arming Pearson in his campaign charge that Canada's international prestige has declined under five years of Tory management.

Feast to Famine

In the past decade, Western Canada's wheat farmers have produced such vast surpluses that the federal government has urged them to plant trees instead. Last week, thanks mainly to his \$425.6 million sales of grain to Red China, Agriculture Minister Alvin Hamilton happily reversed field, called on Canadian farmers to put every acre into grain. This they could do, said he, "with complete confidence that there will be hungry markets, good prices,

and more space available for grain in country elevators than at any time in the past ten years."

Canada this year may even face a grain shortage. Its requirements for exports and home consumption are projected at a record 1.1 billion bu. of wheat, oats and barley, well over the decade's average annual production of 994 million bu. Farmers will probably increase planted acreage by 25% to 10%. But last year grain production was almost halved by the worst drought since the dust-bowl '30s and by a savage invasion of grasshoppers. Already this season, subsoil moisture is at "critically low levels," and as May planting begins, all depends on the arrival of what the farmers call "million-dollar rains" before June. "Hamilton sure has sold grain," a Saskatchewan farmer dourly observed last week. "Now can he make it rain?"



MUÑOZ MARÍN



BETANCOURT

A need for more nourishment of the heart.

THE AMERICAS

The Democratic Left

A dedicated battler for democracy in Latin America all his life, Puerto Rico's Governor Luis Muñoz Marín traveled from San Juan to Chicago last week to call attention to a shortcoming of the Alliance for Progress at an A.F.L.-C.I.O. national conference. "What deeply troubles me," said Muñoz, "is the seeming lack of emotional commitment in Latin America toward this great and historical venture. The economic body is being gradually nourished, but the heart is not."

In Muñoz Marín's view, there is only one group in Latin America that can make the Alliance work. "That group," he said "is what I call the Democratic Left." Left of what? "In Latin America, left usually means left of reaction, left of feudalism, left of exploitation. I would call the Democratic Left in Latin America the group which seeks social advances and higher living standards for all the people in a framework of freedom and consent."

No Fiercer Attack. One of the most conspicuous members of Muñoz' Democratic Left—and a man on whom the U.S. counts heavily—is Venezuela's President

Rómulo Betancourt. A onetime radical revolutionary who has moderated his views with time, Betancourt was elected three years ago to govern a country rich in oil but economically ravaged by dictatorship. He has struggled to restore financial stability and provide jobs for his people, who were largely illiterate (illiteracy has dropped from 57% to 27% in three years) and mostly poor. No leader is under fiercer attack by the Communists and Castroites, who have apparently chosen Venezuela as the most promising spot for the Marxist takeover in Latin America.

In Caracas last week, the Communists, who have been murdering policemen and setting off bombs, celebrated May Day by posting snipers on roofs of the city's housing projects to fire into the streets. In the countryside, lands of Red guerrillas, trained and indoctrinated in Fidel

Castro's Cuba, have been roaming the jungle hills, trying to enlist the peasants and skirmishing with Betancourt's pursuing National Guard.

Mush Without Bread. Traveling to the Guárico state capital of San Juan de los Morros, Betancourt angrily charged Fidel Castro with aggression, and confidently warned him not to expect any help from Venezuela's peasants: "The pressure for the government to Cubanize itself has taken the path of violence, terrorism, dynamiting and armed action. Those guerrillas have failed because guerrillas under peasants are like bread mush without bread. The peasants of Venezuela defend this regime because they helped organize it with their votes. We cannot become simple pawns in a world conspiracy moved about by Nikita Khrushchev through the hands of Fidel Castro. It is a lost, thwarted, crushed war."

Yet, at week's end, Betancourt was under new attack as 400 marines and 50 national guardsmen revolted in the port town of Caripán, 250 miles east of Caracas. The pro-Betancourt forces attacked and held the airport, swept into town, outnumbered and outgunned, the rebel leader and most of his troops surrendered.



IKE & MAMIE AT ABILENE

What ever happened to the minutet?

At dedication ceremonies for the \$3,000,000 Eisenhower Presidential Library in his boyhood home of Abilene, Kans., Dwight Eisenhower had some blunt, plainsman's thoughts for Americans to ponder. Standing before the two-level building, which eventually will hold 20 million documents from his two terms in the White House, Ike wondered aloud: "What has happened to our concept of beauty and decency and morality?" Books and movies are laced with "vulgarity, sensuality, indeed downright filth." People dance "the twist instead of the minutet." Modern paintings look as if they have been "run over by a broken-down tin lizzie loaded with paint." He did not think the U.S. would go for it for long. "I personally believe," said Ike, "that we are about to see, and are seeing, a renaissance in American pride in America, an American pride in the characteristics that have made America great."

"He had a run of luck," sniffed canny Electrical Industry Wizard **Konosuke Matsushita**, 67, when Rubber Tycoon Shojiro Ishibashi, president of Bridgestone Tire Co., beat him out as Japan's top 1960 money-maker. "I'll be back on top again." Good as his word, Matsushita piled up a personal income of \$988,000 for 1961 (minus a tax bite of \$660,000), to head the list for the sixth time in seven years. Rival Ishibashi, down on his luck, wound up seventh with a mere \$330,000.

"He pretty much lets us have our own way," said pretty **Margaret Ann Goldwater**, 17, and both she and Brother **Barry Goldwater Jr.**, 23, proved the point by announcing their plans for the future. With nary a peep from Pop-Arizona's Republican Senator **Barry Goldwater**—Peggy said that after a few years at Washington, D.C.'s Mount Vernon Junior Col-

lege, she would like to spend a year trying the wind-blown life on an Israeli *kibbutz* (collective farm). Barry Jr. said that if the U.S. Air Force does not accept him, he might join the Peace Corps, which his father once warned would attract "a bunch of beatniks who wouldn't work" but has since praised.

Posters showing her legs were once banned from the Paris *métro*—too tantalizing to straphangers—so when unfading **Marlene Dietrich**, 57, turned up to show her classic calves for real, the Olympia music hall bulged with appreciative Frenchmen. With the old seductiveness, she caressed 18 songs a night, but drew the heartiest oo-la-las when, turned out in top hat, tails—and bare legs—she did a few coltish kicks. A grateful management held her over an extra week, and grateful admirers despoiled acres of rose gardens to pay her floral tribute.

Nikita Khrushchev, no cube he, guffawed at a showing of **Pablo Picasso's** cubist paintings last year, but the Spanish master's politics are clearly considered more realistic. For his long devotion to Communist causes (a temporary defection over Hungary was forgiven), the Soviet Union awarded an \$11,100 Lenin Peace Prize to Picasso, 80, at the very moment that nine Manhattan galleries were honoring him with "An American Tribute."

Ebony Magazine's list of the 100 wealthiest U.S. Negroes (assets of at least \$250,000 apiece) was chockablock with dentists, morticians and real estate moguls, but there was only a handful of familiar names—Congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr., Comedian Eddie ("Rochester") Anderson, Heavyweight Champ Floyd Patterson, Baseball-Hall-of-Famer Jackie Robinson, Singers Marian Anderson, Harry Belafonte, Nat King Cole, Lena Horne and Johnny Mathis, who was the only one of the bunch to place among the 35 Negro millionaires. One famous name missing from the list: high-living Horn Man **Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong**, 61, who once earned \$30,000 a week tooting a trumpet with what came to be known as his "million-dollar lips."

Immediate surgery was indicated to replace a detached retina, but Scientist-Author **Sir Charles Percy Snow**, 56, illuminator of the modern scientific mind in *The Two Cultures* and *The Scientific Revolution*, first wanted to deliver a speech as 30th Lord Rector of St. Andrews University in Scotland. The operation failed, and he lost the sight in his left eye. "I have no regrets," said Sir Charles in London's Moorfields Eye Hospital. "It was never much good anyway. I still have a good right eye."

Anxious to speed the noisy group on its way, Owner Peter Cook of London's Establishment Club asked sarcastically, "Can I show you the way out?", got a

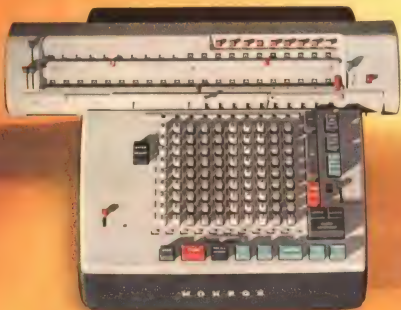
bash in the face for his flippancy. When the ensuing brawl ended, he turned to spirited Actress **Siobhan** (pronounced Shi-vawn) **McKenna**, 38, one of the group, and protested, "You scratched me." Quick to pick up a cue, Siobhan studied her hands with the care of a Lady Macbeth, then held them high and blared, "These are Irish hands, and they are clean." Cook was unmoved, "This is a British face," said he, dabbing gingerly at a cut mouth, "and it's bleeding."

It was a reception worthy of visiting royalty, and all for Muzyad Yacoub Kairouz. There was a red-carpet welcome at Beirut's airport, then a feast of roasted sheep, goat and chicken to the throb of drums and the jangle of tambourines in the mountain village of Hasroun, finally the presentation of the nation's highest award, Commander of the Order of the Cedars, for "propagating the good name of Lebanon abroad." To U.S. TV fans, the fuss was readily fathomable, Yacoub is better known as hawk-nosed, ham-on-wry **Danny Thomas**, 48, Michigan-born son of a Lebanese farmer who left Hasroun at the turn of the century to raise a family of ten children in the U.S.

The big, gold-colored Rolls-Royce swept smoothly up the drive, stopped before a crowd of 500 clustered near the striped canopy, and out stepped silent Film Star **Mary Pickford**, 69, "Hi there," said she with a dear smile, only 3 hours and 15 minutes late to preside over the dedication of movieland's first wax museum, a \$1,500,000 white stucco building in Buena Park, Calif. Among the 65 sculptures already inside are tableaux of the Barrymores in *Rusputin and the Empress*, Gable and Lure in *Gone With the Wind*, Pickford and Second Husband Douglas Fairbanks Sr., whom she divorced in 1936, in *The Taming of the Shrew*.



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MEDICINE

Miracles on 34th Street

Any multimillionaire can surely afford to seek out the world's best medical care. If he happens also to be the father of the President of the U.S., his search can command unlimited assistance. But picking a hospital for Joseph P. Kennedy, victim of a severely paralyzing stroke five months ago, was no problem at all. Last week the former ambassador was flown to the world's largest hospital of its kind: Manhattan's pioneering Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, overlooking the East River at 34th Street. That Kennedy could face a long program of intensive treatment was evidence of how much he had improved.

The 73-year-old patient was indeed a special guest. He was put up in Horizon House, a five-room, ranch-style home built on the institute grounds as a demonstration model of a stepless, stairless dwelling tailored to the needs of wheelchair patients. There, visits from his anxious family would be more convenient than if he were in one of the usual four-bed wards. But Kennedy's medical problems are the same as those confronting a million or more non-millionaire Americans who are the victims of similar strokes, and the measures to be taken to treat those problems will be the same.

Dominant. President Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill had relatively mild strokes from which they recovered fully and quickly. He had no limitation of movement, and the slurring of his speech lasted only a few days. Joe Kennedy's case is far more typical. A clot clogged an artery and cut off the blood supply to a

major part of the left side of his brain. Since he is right-handed, this left hemisphere of his brain was dominant; in it are the nerve controls for muscles on the right side of his body. Perhaps even more important, the left hemisphere contains the language center through which he receives and interprets the written or spoken word, and formulates ideas to be expressed in words.

The hemiplegia ("half paralysis") in such cases tends to fall into a set pattern, and treatment is similarly standardized. The arm on the affected side is usually more severely paralyzed than the leg. If a patient can lift his arm at all, or if he can raise his leg an inch from the bed, chances are good that he will be able to walk again. Inactivity is the patients' worst enemy; their muscles atrophy and tendons shrink. At the institute, the basic therapy is to see that patients have little idle time.

Compulsive. Most hemiplegics are compulsive personalities, which may be why they get strokes. "Our patients are used to moving fast and getting things done," explains Jack Hofkosh, 40, chief of physical therapy. "They like the busy pace here at the institute. Though rehabilitation is necessarily slow and monotonous, the patients put in a grueling day, with their every activity directed toward resuming a normal life."

The institute's specialists take a week to evaluate each patient in terms of physical potential, language disability, and medical and psychiatric problems before any treatment starts. Then the first physical therapy is begun: a therapist asks the patient to lift his arm as if to put a spoon to his mouth. Most likely he cannot complete the movement, so the therapist (usually a woman) gently helps him. At times she gets him to push his hand against hers to strengthen the muscles. Hemiplegic patients stay at the institute an average of three to six months. "By the time they leave," says Hofkosh, "we like them to be able to walk at home and take care of their basic needs."

Receptive & Expressive. Beyond a stroke victim's physical difficulties there is another more variable, less understood, and—until recently—more neglect-

ed problem: language disability. The technical name, aphasia, covers far more than its literal meaning, "loss of speech." Usually, neither innate intelligence nor accumulated knowledge is destroyed, but access to each is cut off from the patient by a breakdown in his communications system. This breakdown may damage the receptive (reading and listening) functions, or the expressive (speaking, gesturing, writing), or both, in infinitely various combinations.

Explains Martha Taylor, 34, the institute's chief of speech and hearing therapy: "Although there are more than 6,000 speech correctionists licensed to practice, few of them have had any training with stroke victims. Most got their training with children, who have language problems of a totally different kind. We had to devise our own tests to rate our patients, because we get the severe cases or those who have had no success elsewhere. Most important, our patients are nearly all the kind who cannot get along without language skills—business executives and professional men."

After a stroke, these verbal types become intensely frustrated when they cannot use language effectively. The frustration may be so intense that it provokes emotional disturbance leading to physical violence. "But a certain amount of frustration is a good sign for chances of recovery," says Mrs. Taylor. "It's normal to be frustrated when you can't talk."

From the first evaluation tests of patients by her staff of eight therapists, Mrs. Taylor nearly always finds that family members have a deep and extremely dangerous misunderstanding of the problem. "Because the patient looks attentive and friendly, and perhaps tries to nod, they say, 'Oh, he understands everything, but he just won't talk—his stubborn.' Then they tell us how he reads the newspapers. They don't realize that he may look at the stock tables in the paper from habit,



DR. RUSK



MARTHA TAYLOR & PATIENT



JACK HOFKOSH & PATIENT

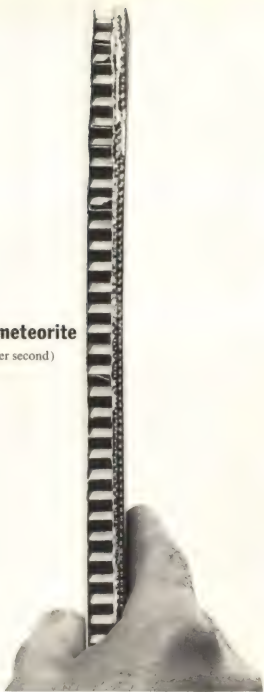


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sealant to prevent air from escaping in case a particle should ever penetrate.

Though most of the meteorites a spacecraft is likely to encounter will be fine as dust, some may be as large as buckshot, and dense enough to puncture an ordinary metal skin. The search for materials to meet this hazard is another example of Northrop's practical work on the problems of space.

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without understanding them. They don't realize how deeply this language difficulty cuts into the receptive as well as the expressive faculties.*

Repetitive. Using Taylor-made materials, institute therapists begin with pictures of 100 everyday objects and 100 cards bearing the objects' names in large type. ("Nouns are the first words we learn and the easiest to relearn," Mrs. Taylor explains.) Lessons begin at the first-grade level: two pictures, two name cards. The patient tries to match them. When he can match 75 out of 100, he proceeds to the next step: picking up the right picture when the therapist names the subject. In most cases, the patient is next helped to write the names of such familiar objects as "shoe" or "lamp." Only after such lessons does the therapist expect the patient to be able to repeat the names of the various objects after her.

To master such simple skills, it takes many patients endless hours of practice—more than a human therapist could endure giving. The patient is taught to use a machine into which he feeds IBM-type cards bearing a picture, the printed name of the object, and a piece of recording tape on which its name is repeated. The ten hours a week of speech retraining also include some group sessions, where patients share their problems and their triumphs as they graduate from nouns to verbs, and finally to prepositions—the littlest and most difficult words of all.

"Dr. Rehab." The Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation is a monument to a smoothly persistent Missouri-born physician who practiced internal medicine in St. Louis before World War II. Later, as a Medical Corps officer in the Army Air Forces, Dr. Howard A. Rusk found himself caring for wounded men who had no hope of regaining normal activity. And the medics had no hope for them, either. Dr. Rusk recognized a crusade and a new life work.

Before war's end, he got rehabilitation programs rolling for airmen. Backed by Elder Statesman-Philanthropist Bernard Baruch, he made a study of what would be needed to set up the world's first medical center devoted exclusively to rehabilitation. Out of uniform, Dr. Rusk began a pilot program at New York City's Bellevue Hospital. After a short spell in temporary Manhattan headquarters, in 1951 he opened the present institute, a unit of the New York University Medical Center. It is still growing, and the U.S. Public Health Service has just begun to give it \$500,000 a year for rehabilitation research and training alone.

Today, Rusk is the nation's "Dr. Rehab." When the President's father was stricken, it was almost inevitable that the institute builder would be called in—and that the stricken financier would go to Dr. Rusk's hospital for treatment.

☞ In an effort to alleviate such home-based difficulties, Martha Taylor has written *Understanding Aphasia*. Published by the institute for 50¢, it has sold a phenomenal and unexpected 80,000 copies; one 1-month, has already been translated into Spanish, Portuguese and Japanese.



Photographed on the Sunlane Route by Tony Vent

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Titov's Tour

After the easy, articulate warmth of its own astronaut, Colonel John Glenn, the U.S. was surprised last week by the somewhat uncommunicative attitude of Russian Cosmonaut Gherman Stepanovich Titov. Sent to the U.S. to share his hard-won knowledge of travel in space with Glenn and COSPAR (Committee on Space Research), Titov seemed under orders from home to do nothing of the sort. In press conferences and TV interviews, he was always guarded and reluctant in his replies, though often breezy enough when it came to enjoying the crowds.

Problems Enough. Most of Titov's tour was anything but scientific. Rushed around New York City, he was booed by floor traders at the Stock Exchange and replied that he had better things to do than to work in such a place. While visiting the U.N., he was asked by U.S. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson whether he thought the whole Security Council could be transported to the moon. He quickly fell in with the Stevensonian gag. "Aren't there enough problems on earth for the council to solve?" he asked, and got a laugh.

In Washington, Titov and his buxom wife Tamara joined John and Mrs. Glenn for a frantic tour of the capital. They were chivied from conference to conference by mobs of reporters, photographers and keening teen-agers. ("My God," cried one photographer, "it was Sinatra all over again.") The Glenns showed the visitors the standard sights (Smithsonian, Wash-

ington Monument, Lincoln Memorial, etc.) and took the Titovs to the White House for a brief, formal call on President Kennedy.

Always Perfect. Finally Titov had to face up to the official reason for his trip to Washington: his address before COSPAR. Listeners who hoped that they would hear a Glenn-type account of the Russian's 25 hours in orbit were disappointed. Titov's formal, apparently ghost-written speech described the *Vostok II*'s equipment only in the most general terms. Even when figures were given, they were carefully selected to tell little. Titov revealed, for instance, that his ship was launched by a multistage booster having six liquid-propellant rocket engines with 400,000 kilograms (1,122,000 lbs.) of total thrust. Without breakdown into stages, this information told U.S. scientists little that they had not already calculated for themselves. The same was true of Titov's revelation that, against instructions, he left the *Vostok II*'s portholes uncovered during re-entry and saw flame and molten material from the heat shield wash over them. His predecessor, Yuri Gagarin, had done the same thing. Titov also disclosed, not very informatively, that he had controlled his craft himself during two of his 17 orbits.

Everything about Titov's ride went perfectly, of course, as is always the case with Russian-described flights of Russian-designed equipment. But if U.S. scientists want to know how a space traveler feels after more than three orbits of the earth, they will have to wait until they have sent one of their own astronauts on the trip.

Full of Fight

The squat, angular jet looks ugly as a beetle with quadruple goiters, but airmen on both sides of the Atlantic were studying its unusual shape last week with unusual interest. U.S. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's announcement that the U.S. will contribute some \$15 million toward further development of Britain's P-1127 airplane made it clear that the odd craft is well in front in the race to develop a VTOL (Vertical Take-Off and Landing) plane.

Under hurry-up development by Hawker Aircraft Ltd. since 1959, the P-1127 has convinced Pentagon authorities that it is two years ahead of U.S. rivals. It is built around the Bristol Siddeley BS-53 Pegasus, a remarkable jet engine that discharges large volumes of comparatively slow-speed air through four swiveling nozzles that can point either front, back or down. When the VTOL is ready for vertical take-off, the pilot points all the nozzles down, revs the engine, and the plane rises straight up on an even keel. When sufficiently clear of the ground, the pilot turns the nozzles gradually rearward and accelerates smoothly into normal forward flight. The P-1127, which made its full flight test last fall, can land on a runway like an ordi-



P-1127 VTOL.
A big brother? Could be.

nary airplane or ease itself to the ground like a helicopter—supported by its four down-pointing nozzles. While it is hovering, four small air jets directed downward from the nose, tail and the wing tips give accurate control. Pilots of standard jets have little trouble with the P-1127; most learn to fly it in less than an hour.

The present P-1127 model is a small fighter plane that can carry weapons of moderate weight only. An improved model will be assigned to interception of enemy aircraft and to tactical duty with NATO and U.S. ground forces. But there seems to be no reason why it could not be stepped up in size. Big-brother VTOLs carrying Skybolt air-to-ground ballistic missiles (TIME, April 27) could be securely hidden on small fields in such small crowded countries as England or The Netherlands. Taking off from any road or cow pasture, most of them would be full of fight after the most searching surprise attack.

Test-Watching & Waiting

Apart from the bare announcement that two bombs, one of them in the "low-megaton-yield range" had been dropped from airplanes and exploded over the Pacific, the newest U.S. nuclear test series supplied little news last week. Neither diplomatic policy nor the need for military secrecy completely explained the comparative silence. There was, in fact little to be told. Test bombs are not exploded merely to see if they will work or to admire the bang. The instrumental setup is enormously complicated with seismographs, barographs, radiation detectors, photocells, and many more subtle instruments spread over hundreds of miles of sea, air and land. Information and analysis come slowly.

Merely to collect and compile all the data is a tremendous task. The bulk of the reports from the tests already fired—most of them in the form of magnetic tape or squiggly lines on film or paper—is converging first on Christmas Island, where the Atomic Energy Commission has a team of experts ready to make a quick preliminary search for scientific hints that may have an immediate effect on their handling of later tests. Eventually, the data will be sent to the birthplace of the



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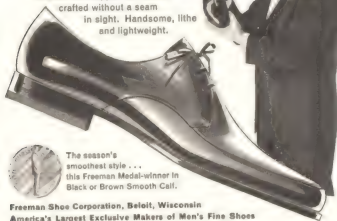


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bombs—Los Alamos and Livermore laboratories—for more detailed study.

Hints for Hercules. The military services will get a crack at the data, too. The Air Force is vitally interested in the effects of shock waves and radiation on its aircraft, and the Navy is equally concerned about its ships. The Army is waiting anxiously for the impact that the tests will have on its Nike-Hercules anti-missile program. It will be bad news for the Nike-Hercules if a test bomb exploded at high altitude makes the air opaque to radio waves. This might mean that an elaborate Nike-Hercules base could be blinded by a single nuclear weapon, even by one of its own rockets.

While the AEC and the military are claiming their blocks of information, a ship manned by scientists from the University of Washington is gathering fish plankton and other oceanic fauna and flora to check for radiation effects. Specimens will be sent to Seattle for further study. A center from the U.S. Public Health Service is standing by to treat and study any unfortunate humans who tangle with test radiation.

Several of the tests, including at least one in the megaton range, will be exploded in space, as high as 100 miles above the earth. The purpose will be partly to observe the little-known behavior of nuclear explosions in a virtual vacuum, partly to test the effect of neutrons, X rays and other radiation on radio communication, missiles and satellites. The Air Force already has several satellites orbiting over the test area. The Russians may send observation satellites of their own, but the tests can probably be timed so that such foreign space snoopers will get no close look.

Dismay. Although most of the free world is reconciled to U.S. testing, the announcement of the powerful space tests caused a flurry among European scientists. A widely circulated press report predicted that the explosions in space would cause auroras visible over much of the earth and might even erase the inner ring of the Van Allen radiation belt (TIME, May 4, 1959). U.S. experts called the story overblown, but British Radio Astronomer Sir Bernard Lovell of Jodrell Bank observatory protested with characteristic vigor: "All scientists who are searching for basic understanding of the solar system will be filled with dismay at the American proposal."

Lovell's leading rival, Professor Martin Ryle of the Mullard Radio Astronomy Laboratory at Cambridge, was also opposed to the space tests; he thought their effects were likely to be irreversible. But Britain's famous Astronomer Fred Hoyle, a nonpanicking Yorkshireman, was not alarmed. If the radiation belt was damaged, said Hoyle, it would soon repair itself. In the U.S., the discoverer of the radiation belts, Dr. James A. Van Allen of the State University of Iowa, was not worried a bit. The space explosions, he said, would be "a magnificent experiment." It might even reveal how the belt is nourished with high-energy particles.

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SHOW BUSINESS

COMEDIANS

The Making of a President

Mimicry, being comedy's sharp elbow in the ribs, usually depends on the mimic's being at a safe distance from his subject—or victim; the more dignified and honored the subject, the greater the advisable distance. But an appealing showman named Elliott Reid flew down to Washington a fortnight ago with nothing less in mind than mimicking President Kennedy for the pleasure of the capital's press



MIMICKER REID

And then came the show stealer.

corps, most of the Cabinet officers, and the President himself. The result: Kennedy was convulsed, and Good Troupier Reid was once again "discovered."

Reid had finely polished the President's accents and gestures over three jobless months last fall, and once on stage, he brought down the house with his very first line; few had ever seen the President laugh so hard. His "serious mattahs" and "in my views" were unmistakably Kennedy, and his "we must move ahead" sounded like the call to federal service. Reid had his Kennedy deliver a playful jab or two at British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, who was also present: "He has covahed such a wide range of topics and made so many things cleah, including several centuries of British history. . . . These are, these are not easy mattahs—even if you're British!"

After Reid, the President took the stage and deftly stole the show from the professionals—Reid, Peter Sellers, Benny Goodman, Gwen Verdon, Sally Ann Howes. Referring to an increase in the price of tickets to the dinner, Kennedy proved to be his own best mimic: "The sudden and arbitrary action to raise the price by \$2.50 over last year is wholly unjustified," he

began, pointing his stern, recruiting-poster finger. "The American people will find it difficult to accept this decision . . ." and so on, in perfect parallel to his famous scolding of the steel industry.

Reid, who at 42 has endured 25 years of being faintly praised as the one saving grace of uniformly bad productions, is now assured a bright new popularity. He has had offers to do his first nightclub performance in Los Angeles' Coconut Grove with Eddie Fisher later this month, and with White House approval, he will appear alongside some towering stars at a Madison Square Garden Democratic rally May 19.

TELEVISION

The House that Jack Built

When tearful Jack Paar bade his brave farewell to television's biggest late-night audience, the silence that followed seemed merciful. The tantrums, the shaded vulgarity, the curious, hostile tension of his nightly soiree had come to an end. It has taken almost two months without Paar to illustrate how forceful each ingredient was, to sketch the enormity of the hole he left behind. Filling in until Johnny Carson takes over the *Tonight* show next fall, some of television's tinniest princes have presided over the show, and each has left the unmistakable mark of his inability to master Paar's charismatic tricks.

The replacement NBC feels most comfortable with is somebody named Merv Griffin, who has slopped over from daytime game shows. When Griffin is blessed with glib guests—as he was on several shows last week—he is at least innocuous and agile at keeping the conversation alive. Art Linkletter's turns at the helm suggest a scoutmaster on a field trip. Boyish Bob Cummings, most hapless of the lot, disappeared after a week of tiresome apologies for himself. These tentative flings sputter along, propelled by weak jokes and—when needed—repeats of a Linkletter show—and the best of Art is none too good.

With the critics, most successful of these temporary Paarlor maids is Joey Bishop, who confesses that no one can do the show except Paar. "There are many things the show requires—about six things," Bishop says. "The guest-hosts have had at most three or four. Paar had all of them." The six are, he said: curiosity, naive honesty, sense of tempo, sense of humor, pacing, and a feeling of uncertainty. "Paar superseded any of his guests," says Bishop, "whereas the rest of us depend on who the guests are."

But NBC bravely insists that the show's ratings have climbed since Paar left; such as it is, *Tonight* may now be seen over 184 stations, three more than Paar's last audience. But for most, the parade of tryouts was only a sad and dull reminder of the old days, when Paar filled their nights with cruel charm.

NEW FACES

Girl-Child

She may only be a baby sitter, but her appetites lead straight back to the nursery, and her cotton candy dress scarcely hides her wickedness. "I'm not dirty," she coaxes, pulling off her slip. "I'm full of womanly feelings." Then, in a skelter of pillows, the play's moral rings down on her and she dies in an athletic attempt to seduce the hothouse boy she has her eye on. But as played by Nymphet Barbara Harris, she conquers whole audiences night after night, making *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma! Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad* the most notable success of the off-Broadway season.

In the days before Lolita made the girl-child a *femme fatale*, Barbara was in Chicago, toying with improvised variations on a theme called "Too Tempting to Men" with the Second City theater group. Now, at 25, she is a woman playing a girl, a trick she accomplishes with such hilarity and grace that she has become more tempting than ever. Last week Alan Jay Lerner and Richard Rodgers signed her for the lead in their first musical together, and Sid Caesar is building the first of his new fall TV series around her.

Barbara joined the Second City troupe as soon as she finished high school, came to New York for last year's *From the Second City* revue on Broadway; hers were the cast's best notices. She left the group last winter to join the *Oh Dad* cast, but most nights she turns up at Greenwich Village's Second City club after the play and joins in the late show there. "*Oh Dad* is the thing that keeps me going, though," she says. "It's a part you could do a hundred ways. I don't play her as mean as I might, because to me, she's an understandable girl. Nutty but funny. I play her funny." And she proves that funny can be sexy, too.



BARBARA HARRIS

Also nutty and funny.

MODERN LIVING

LEISURE

In Praise of Uselessness

As the drama critic for the New York *Herald Tribune*, Walter Kerr has a special irritation. He has trouble enjoying a play when he has to worry about reviewing it. Now, at book length, he invites others to share his discontent by showing how Americans have let their work spoil their pleasures. "I'm going to start out," Kerr warns in his first sentence, "by assuming that you're approximately as unhappy as I am."

In *The Decline of Pleasure* (Simon & Schuster, \$5), Kerr blames not the usual scapegoat, the Puritans, but the British Utilitarian philosophers of the last century, who declared: "Value depends entirely on utility." As a practical people, Americans readily accepted this practical advice, Americans, he argues, feel that all their acts must serve some useful purpose, and when they do not, they feel guilty. Thus Americans work harder at their leisure than at their jobs, play bridge or tinker with their homes as intently as if the boss were watching. "It is in the privacy of our passing from kitchen to bedroom . . . that we are most conscious of a fundamental unease . . . The sense of going nowhere overtakes us precisely when we are going home."

Burdened by Abstractions. Since the Utilitarians taught them to value only what can be put to use, Americans no longer appreciate a thing in itself. They are immersed in abstractions, Kerr insists, and have lost touch with life in the raw. Modern abstract art mirrors abstract lives; so does the avant-garde theater with its often meaningless chatter. Even business has become abstract. By a mere "shuffling" of papers, a financier can buy the Empire State Building without going near it. "Does he feel on solid ground, clothed in steel and concrete that have become part of himself?" asks Kerr. "or has he simply brushed wings with a form in a dream?"

To restore happiness, Kerr prescribes purposeless fun. It should be as prosperous as possible, with rules as capricious as the one that dictates keeping the arms limp in an Irish jig. Art is the finest form of fun so long as it is not overburdened by a "message." Americans must learn to relax and surrender to contemplation, which is "almost like falling in love."

When they have exhausted the pleasure of comic books, they will automatically graduate to Sherlock Holmes, then to Shakespeare, without having to ponder whether it has all been worthwhile.

Kerr's men and women should expect nothing from pleasure but a "memory of delight, an increase of well-being so deep and so central that it cannot even be located, let alone measured and codified for future use."

As precedent, Kerr might (but does not) cite Plato, who in the 4th century

ry B.C. told the overworked Athenians: "God alone is worthy of supreme seriousness, but man is made God's plaything, and that is the best part of him. Therefore every man and woman should live accordingly and play the noblest games."

DESIGN

Durable Curlicue

Every decade has its new chair. In the '30s people perched in the plywood Alvar Aalto chair; in the '40s it was Charles Eames's Potato Chip; the '50s sought refuge in the Womb Chair of Eero Saarinen. But the chosen chair of the '60s is not new at all; the Thonet (pronounced Tonay) bentwood has been around for more than 100 years.

No one knows how many circus lions have been cowed by the business end of a bentwood chair, or how many *Our Town* lovers have sipped ice cream sodas in its cave-bottomed embrace. It was the creation of German Cabinetmaker Michael Thonet, who in 1836 discovered a way of bending wood by heating it in steam. Says Industrial Designer Henry Dreyfuss: "Whenever I see a bentwood chair, I want to whistle a Strauss waltz."

Most highly prized by the tastemakers is the Thonet rocker. A cross between a badminton racquet and a Flexible Flyer, this calligraphic doyen of gracious sitting shows off to great advantage against the stark whiteness of painted bricks or modish raw plaster walls. Pablo Picasso owns one, and so does Hollywood Director Billy Wilder. Original Thonet rockers sell nowadays for between \$75 and \$185 (depending on state of repair and elegance of design) in Manhattan antiques, sold for much more until imports of them from Europe began to flood the U.S. market two years ago.

Thonet Industries Inc. of Manhattan, heir to the century-old trademark, is now a bustling commercial furniture maker whose no-nonsense designs bear little kinship to bentwood. Somewhat surprised by all the excitement over vintage Thonet today, the firm nonetheless still "makes available" a modern version of the classic rocker, continues to manufacture the Vienna Chair (the familiar restaurant "upright") as well as the bentwood armchair that brought fame to the Thonet name and once moved Architect Le Corbusier to observe: "We believe that this chair, whose millions of representatives are used on the Continent and the two Americas, possesses nobility."

THE HOME

By the Numbers

For a businessman in Trenton who wants to call the Western Electric Co. in Manhattan—but doesn't know the number—it is about as easy as falling off a logarithm: first he dials 2125551212 (information in Manhattan), then 2125712-



THONET BENTWOODS
For gracious sitting.

345 for Western Electric. If he is lucky, he won't have to give an extension number for the man he wants to talk to; if he is luckier, he can still remember why he was calling in the first place.

This numerological nightmare is only a foretaste of what the future holds for dialers when the Bell Telephone System's ANC (All-Number Calling) plan goes into effect all over the U.S. Already 11 million of the 76 million telephones in the U.S. are on ANC. The Bell System and 3,000 independent companies expect to convert all telephones in five years: a projected 95 million.

Lost Lust. In the Orwellian world of ANC there will be no telephone exchanges to take pride or comfort in. Philadelphia's old-guard Pennypacker and stalwart Fidelity will be gone; San Francisco will lose its lusty Klondike and sunny Valencia; Mobile's Tulip will wither alongside Cincinnati's B.Ramble and Santa Fe's Yucca. Fenton, Mo., will be torn from its cozy Fireside, while Chester, Pa., and its saucy Gypsy will be parted. Nightingale and Hyacinth will nevermore breathe their poetry over Brooklyn's wires. The sands are running out for such venerable status symbols as Upper East Side Manhattan's Butterfield 8 and Regent 4. They will some day be as obsolete as morning coats on Easter Sunday.

Officially, American Telephone & Telegraph Co., proprietors of the Bell System, admits a twinge of REGRET over the passing of the time-honored names, many of

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which are holdovers from the days of "Hello, Central, give me Main 444." But the telephone company maintains that there is no other choice in the face of rapidly expanding dialing facilities and the increase in the number of telephone sets across the nation.

Letters & Holes. There are only eight holes with three letters each on the dial (Q and Z don't rate a spot), producing 64 possible two-letter combinations (letters that begin a recognizable name or word) for exchange-namers to work with.

But four of the combinations involving letters J, K, L, P, R, S, W, X, Y are deemed useless on the ground that no one could countenance a telephone number beginning with something like YPres, YLang, WRath or KRemlin. That leaves only 60. Even with an additional number tacked onto the two-letter code, creating exchanges like PProspect 1 up through PProspect 9, there are still only 540 combinations available. This was more than enough until Direct Distance Dialing came on the scene in 1951. The U.S. is now divided into 105 code areas, each having its own three-digit number; within any single DDD area, no two telephone numbers can be the same—and simple mathematics shows that 540 central offices are not enough for some of the more populous dialing areas.

All-Number Calling was the answer to the dilemma. Numbers appear at ten holes on a dial, and ANC gives 800 (8 times 10 times 10) possible three-digit central-office codes—an increase of nearly 50%.

Other advantages claimed for ANC elimination of dialing errors caused by sound-alike exchange names such as Mitchell and Mutual; no more confusion over dialing PA for Pennsylvania instead of PE; elimination of letters themselves from dials, making them easier to use; the possibility of worldwide direct dialing even to countries with exotic alphabets. Says Leland B. Lindberg, American Telephone & Telegraph spokesman: "This is the least undesirable way of increasing combinations."

The Other Side. Certainly least undesirable from the company's point of view but what about the man on the other side of the dial? Says Dr. Leo Goldberger, of N.Y.U.'s Research Center for Mental Health: "Long series of numbers, such as Army serial numbers, have come to connote loss of individual identity—one becomes—to add insult to injury—not only an insignificant cog in a great machine, but anonymous as well." Unpleasant things, he feels, are not only more difficult to memorize, but also more likely to be forgotten.

But telephone researchers insist that over the short time it takes between looking up a number and dialing it, ANC's seven-digit numbers are just as easy to recall as those with two letters and five numbers. They admit, however, that per-

sonally memorizing All-Number numbers takes a little more effort. An officially recommended procedure is to group the numbers into two parts, such as 571 (pause) 2345.

Calling Daddy. Meanwhile, in U.S. cities such as Chicago and Washington, where ANC's no-nonsense hand has already been felt, citizens are struggling along with a dual system. Some of them are making up their own exchanges, as memory jogs.* Conservative employees of one Chicago firm with the new 407 central office code are giving out their number as G.O.P.

A new telephone problem, already ushered in with the era of DDD, and one which ANC can only make more acute: playful tots who want to "call Daddy at the office" and end up dialing a number



PERPLEXED PENNY
As easy as falling off a logarithm.

in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan (code 106). The phone company is presently bending over backward to be nice in such instances, but the DDD honeymoon may not last forever. In the not-too-distant time when any idly spun combination of seven numbers will ring somebody, somewhere, stern household telephone discipline will be needed, or Daddy's phone bills may be in seven figures too.

* One popular memory aid as well as popular fallacy that will become obsolete with the advent of ANC is the New Yorker's way of remembering how to dial for a time signal. Instead of trying to remember Meridian 7-1212, they simply dial NERVOUS. Realists who note that ME 7-1212 doesn't spell "nervous" may be glad to learn that they can dial 617 (which is the way the company's electronic brain reads the impulses anyway) followed by any four numbers that come to mind, and they will still get the voice with the sometimes-Southern accent that says: "At the tone, the time will be NEPHEW or MESSAGE; work equally well."



A Volkswagen dealer is a man of many parts.

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And most of them fit any VW ever made
(Because most parts are interchangeable
from one year to the next.)

Which gives the VW dealer an enormous
edge.

He can repair any year Volkswagen you

happen to drive up in.

All the parts are on hand or on tap.

This system also helps to explain why VW
service is fast and cheap.

A fuel pump is \$9.95. A rear fender, \$17.50.
Plus installation.

(And that new fender doesn't mean major

surgery, either. Just 10 bolts.)

But what impresses people most about
VW service is how the dealer treats them.

Like a customer. Even for a 10c fuse.

We build the Volkswagen like a
\$5,000 car, so why shouldn't it get
serviced like one?





THIEBAUD'S "BAKERY COUNTER" GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT

The Slice-of-Cake School

It was said of Zeuxis, the great artist of ancient Greece, that he could paint a bunch of grapes so realistically that birds would try to eat them. This was an impressive skill, but art has long since aspired to more than carbon-copy realism.

Now a segment of the advance guard has suddenly pulled a switch. Unknown to one another, a group of painters have come to the common conclusion that the most banal and even vulgar trappings of modern civilization can, when transposed literally to canvas, become Art.

PAINTER WAYNE THIEBAUD, 41, who teaches at the Davis campus of the University of California, paints cakes, pies, ice-cream cones, candy machines and lollipop, and he portrays them so lushly that the viewer's mouth is bound to water. Last week, as his first Manhattan show closed at the Allan Stone Gallery, there was ample evidence that he had a number of connoisseurs drooling as sympathetically over the slice-of-cake school of art as literary critics once took to the slice-of-life. Among those who snapped up Thiebaud's canvases: Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, Hartford's Wadsworth Atheneum, Collector James Thrall Soby, Architect Philip Johnson.

Thiebaud, like any traditional painter, became interested in how light affected objects, particularly the garish glare of bulbs and fluorescent tubes that made objects seem to swell with importance. When he drove across the country, he noticed something else: the repetition of "the still life of the restaurant table"—the same salt and pepper shakers and napkin holders in dining rooms and roadside stands everywhere. Finally, after a trip to Mexico, he found that what struck him most vividly on re-entering the U.S. was the gaudy luxury of the drugstores and hamburger stands. And so he began painting food, "Meringue is a beautiful substance," he says, "but there also is a connection with the quality of the paint, the

luscious, fatty richness of oil paint and the greasiness of meats and buttery frostings. This is a still-life area we have a tendency to take for granted."

Roy LICHTENSTEIN, 38, of Highland Park, N.J., started his fine-arts career painting semi-abstract versions of Remington's cowboys and Indians, and later began to conceal comic-strip cartoon characters inside abstract-expressionist paintings. "This led me to wonder what it would be like if I made a cartoon that looked like a cartoon." In addition to cartoons-on-canvas, he began painting household objects—trash cans, washing machines, light cords—in the same flat technique. "I try to use what is a cliché—a powerful cliché—and put it into organized form," he says. By presenting common things familiar to commercial art, in a different context, Lichtenstein, a onetime window-dresser, argues that he is creating something new. "It brings up the question 'What is art?'" says he.



WARHOL: "JUST BECAUSE I LIKE IT"

ANDY WARHOL, 30, earns his living doing ads for women's magazines, but his "serious" work also involves literal paintings of everyday objects. He has done a large (72 in. by 54 in.) black and white painting of a typewriter, is currently occupied with a series of "portraits" of Campbell's Soup cans in living color. While a legion of contemporary sculptors smash everyday objects to create a fresh image, Warhol leaves them just the way they are. "I just paint things I always thought were beautiful, things you use every day and never think about. I'm working on soups, and I've been doing some paintings of money. I just do it because I like it."

JAMES ROSENQUIST, 28, began his career as a painter of billboards, and the experience of painting yard-long noses at a distance of two feet had a profound effect on him. "I'd start an ad," he says, "and in it, I'd see a lot of things I would never see in a studio." What Rosenquist saw was a familiar image brought so close and made so large that it lost its familiarity. In his paintings, he puts several images or image fragments onto the canvas: a big hand and a row of push buttons may symbolize automation; a row of typewriter keys, a man's blue-jeaned backside, a hot-dog segment and a huge Lifesaver, all swirling over a woman's face, may represent the woman's thoughts. At their best, the paintings are arresting. Though the magnified images seem crystal clear, Rosenquist places them in such haunting arrangements that the curse of literalism is removed.

Braque at 80

"Like the alcoholic who takes his little glass in the morning," the old man once said, "I take up my brushes." Though frail, Georges Braque still takes up his brushes each morning in his Paris studio near the Parc de Montsouris. He may work standing for a while; more often, he sits grandly on a divan and calls for his brushes and colors like a surgeon calling for his scalpels and clamps. This week he will be 80—the same age as his ebullient former partner, Pablo Picasso.

Though Picasso's pyrotechnics are certainly more dazzling, Braque ranks as one of the great innovators in modern art (see color). And if he has explored a more limited area, he has often probed deeper. He can find in one room more excitement than another man might find in a world. He can paint the commonest object and somehow suggest a universe. "Progress in art," he says, "does not consist in extending one's limitations, but in knowing them better."

Cylinder & Sphere. Last fall the Louvre, anticipating Braque's anniversary a bit, gave him the only show that venerable museum ever put on for a living artist. It was the more appropriate because, early in the century, Braque studied paintings at the Louvre, copying such old masters as Raphael. He then painted for a while in the boldly colorful style of the Fauves (the wild beasts). But the man who made the deepest impression on him in his youth was Cézanne, who had



"THE BIRD AND ITS NEST" (1955) USES BRAQUE'S FAVORITE SYMBOL FOR LIFE AND MOVEMENT

"THE CONCERT" (1937) SHOWS OBJECTS REALISTICALLY YET DOMINATED BY CUBISTIC FORMS





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given the younger generation a new slogan: "Treat nature in terms of the cylinder, the sphere and the cone."

On seeing an exhibition of Braque's paintings in 1908, Louis Vauxcelles, the critic responsible for the term Fauves, noted that Braque, "a very bold young man," seemed to reduce everything to "cubes." Soon the word cubism was a part of art's vocabulary. Picasso had also begun experimenting with geometric planes, and when he and Braque met they formed a partnership. Picasso called his friend "Pard," an expression gleaned from the silent western films then popular in France, and the two men painted so much alike that even they sometimes had difficulty telling who had painted what. The partnership gradually dissolved, but not until it had changed the course of modern art.

Cubism did away with Renaissance perspective, which, said Braque, "forces the objects in a picture to disappear away from the beholder instead of bringing them within his reach." It also confirmed something that men had always known but rarely recorded: that objects seen close up tend to dissolve, fragment and multiply. This fragmentation, said Braque, "helped me establish space and movement in space. I couldn't introduce the object until I had created space."

Mystery & Universality. In a flurry of experimentation, Braque produced the first paper collage, mixed sand into his paint to achieve new textures, introduced lettering into his pictures to suggest themes of everyday life. He was so inventive, in fact, that Picasso began to refer to him as "Vilbur," after the American Wilbur Wright. After World War I, in which he was badly wounded, Braque became more contemplative. His new paintings were relaxed: the rigid geometry, finally uncaged, became fluid.

To a large degree, the still life became his world. He painted musical instruments—objects that come alive at the touch—with such loving care that Juan Gris called the guitar Braque's "new madonna." Braque liked to be able to feel these objects; but in a larger sense, the objects were also as intangible as the themes of a symphony. "I try to make the object lose its usual function," he said. "It is only then that it acquires the quality of universality."

Today, as he has been for many years, Braque is fascinated by birds. He has never said exactly what the bird means, but no creature better represents movement and freedom in space. In *The Bird and Its Nest*, the space is black with mystery, like infinity itself. The viewer's eye is caught up by the deceptively simple forms only to find itself staring into an endless beyond, as it once was made to clamber over Braque's intricate geometric planes. Whether he intended to or not, Braque has restored to the bird its ancient role as messenger of the spirit and bearer of the soul. "In art," says Braque, "there is a mystery present. One must respect the mystery. When one thinks he has plumbed it, he has only deepened it."

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HARTACK ON DERBY WINNER
Decidedly, decidedly.

The Outsiders

Hard-eyed little Bill Hartack, 30, has twice won the Kentucky Derby, four times been acclaimed racing's leading jockey. Working up to this year's Derby, Hartack could count himself well pleased—or so it seemed. His mount was Mrs. Moody Jolley's Ridan, a Kentucky-bred speedster who had won ten of his 13 starts and once equaled the world record for five furlongs in a casual, early-morning breeze.

But Hartack was unimpressed. He told the owners that Ridan (Nadir spelled backwards) was impossible to rate, could not be held back for a run in the stretch, probably could not go the 1 1/4-mile Derby distance. He lost the mount and wound up on George Pope's Decidedly, a handsome grey colt that had never won a stakes race. The handicappers gave him no better than a 15-to-1 chance. Said Hartack: "I came down here for only one reason—to win."

On race day, as 15 sleek thoroughbreds paraded to the post, all eyes were on Ridan. His biggest competition, the early favorite Sir Gaylord, was out of the race—he had pulled up lame the day before—and the smart money figured Ridan at 2 to 1. Breaking perfectly, the horses pounded around the fading arc of the clubhouse turn, fought for position on the

rail. As they swept into the back stretch, Hartack might have permitted himself a grim smile. Up ahead, Ridan refused to obey the commands of Jockey Manuel Ycaza and spurted into a three-length lead. Ycaza stood bolt upright in the stirrups, desperately trying to hold the stubborn colt back. It was a losing fight.

At the stretch turn, exhausted, Ridan bore out and began to fade. The lead changed hands three times. In mid-stretch, Ridan gallantly came on again—only by now it was too late. On the far outside, Hartack was making his move. Chopping viciously with his whip, he drove Decidedly past the winded Ridan, past all the others. At the finish, Decidedly was 2 1/2 lengths in front.

In the winner's circle, the garland of roses from his third Kentucky Derby victory around his horse's head, Bill Hartack heard the time: 2 min. 1 sec., and a new record, a full second better than the old mark set by Whirlaway in 1951, with Eddie Arcaro aboard.

A Family Affair

Baseball gets its full share of brother acts, but rarely has it seen the likes of the tiny (pop. 218) Ozarks mining town of Alba, Mo. At third base for the champion New York Yankees stands Cletis Leroy Boyer, 25. At the same hot corner for the National League's revitalized St. Louis Cardinals is Kenton Lloyd Boyer, 30. By his performance so far this season, each could lay claim to a singular honor: classiest third baseman in baseball.

Cannon to First. Both are uncommonly nimble and uncommonly sturdy—equally adept at knocking down vicious line drives with their chests, or charging home plate to scoop up a dying bunt. And both have the kind of 90-mm. arm to make the long throw to first. But the talents do not stop there.

Hulking (6 ft., 2 in., 200 lbs.) and heavy-legged, Kenny is, surprisingly, one of the fastest men on the Cardinal team. He is also the team captain, a power hitter and the most dependable ballplayer on the club. "Kenny's our big man," says Manager Johnny Keane. "And he'd be the big man on any club in baseball." Boyer's

* Notable examples: Vince, Dom and Joe DiMaggio; Dixie and Daffy Dean.

own quiet appraisal is considerably more modest: "As long as I help the club win, I don't care about statistics." The figures speak for themselves. A seven-year veteran, he has failed to hit .300 only twice. His record this year: a .333 batting average, 22 runs driven in. He has led National League third basemen in double plays four times, won the Gold Glove award as the league's best-fielding third baseman the last four years running.

One for the Moon. If anything, Brother Cletis is an even flashier fielder, so good that Yankee Coach Wally Moses, who has watched many a third baseman come and go, calls him "as good as I have ever seen." His one fault is at the plate—a lightweight lifetime batting average of .226, enough to make a Yankee wince. But this spring the Yankees took him firmly in hand, changed his stance and taught him to harness his wild, one-for-the-moon swing. Last week Boyer was batting .368—tops on the team; he had hit five homers (including his first grand slam), driven in twelve runs. Manager Ralph Houk moved him up six notches in the line-up (to second), and even Yogi Berra was impressed. "When you see anybody hit two homers into the upper deck in Washington," said Yogi, "he ain't what you would call an ordinary hitter."

All told, there are seven Boyer brothers, and three others have so far tried their hand at professional baseball. Two more are on the way up. "Everybody tells me," says Mrs. Mabel Boyer, "that each of my boys turns out a little better than the next older one." On the chance that Mama is right, scouts from 14 major-league clubs have visited Alba this season, to watch Ronnie Boyer, 17, play a dazzling third base for the Alba High School Wildcats. Ronnie's batting average: a lusty .500. The scouts had only to shift their gaze a bit to see still another Boyer in action: Sophomore Leonard, 16, playing a fine shortstop for the same Wildcats and hitting .350.

Problems of a Pro

Best amateur to stroll the links since the days of Bobby Jones and Lawson Little, hurly Jack Nicklaus, 22, seemed a cinch for instant stardom when he turned professional last January. Twice U.S. amateur champion, runner-up to Arnold Palmer in the 1960 U.S. Open, Nicklaus was



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KENTON LLOYD BOYER

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almost unbeatable on the amateur circuit—and his aggressive, intimidating game seemed ideally suited to the challenge of the rich pro tour. His explosive drives averaged nearly 300 yds. His crisp irons were distinguished by the shovel-sized divots they left behind. His putting was bold and confident. But in his first pro tournament, the \$45,000 Los Angeles Open, he tied for 30th place, won exactly \$13.33—"a monumental beginning," he remarked wryly.

Nicklaus has done well enough since. His earnings of \$14,674 put him seventh (just behind South Africa's Gary Player) among the pros. But though he has been a short-priced favorite to win every event he has entered, he has yet to score a victory in 13 starts. In Burneyville, Okla., for the \$20,000 Waco Turner Open last

Amateurs wouldn't have considered playing under such conditions."

Any golfer can get his game up for an occasional tournament. "As an amateur," said Nicklaus, "you play tournaments a month or so apart. When you finally get into play, your competitive edge is so high that you may play the best game of your career. But as a pro, you play week to week, every week. You're in a tournament for four days, playing a pro-amateur the fifth, traveling the sixth. You can't work up that same competitive edge." Self-discipline and moderation are matters of necessity, not choice. "I can drink with the best of them and stay out all night," said Nicklaus, "but now I get nine hours of sleep a night—after Tuesday, I don't even drink a beer." By experience, he also knows not to take liberties with the golfers he plays against. "As an amateur," he said, "the number I had to worry about might be only half a dozen. All the rest were just weekend golfers. You might luck through against six good players. But against a hundred? Never."

Starting Again. Defeat week after week has been a bitter pill for cocky Jack Nicklaus to swallow. He still abhors the taste. "For two years," he said, "I was expected to win every tournament I entered. If I didn't, I was a bum. I liked being top man. You've got to have the confidence that you can win; you've got to expect to win. If you don't, you have no business being there. As an amateur, I had it. I was on top. Now I've just got to work my way up the ladder again."

Scoreboard

► Fiber glass may give pole vaulters nothing more than a mental lift over their aluminum- and steel-equipped competitors. But it does seem to have something. At the Mount San Antonio Relays at Walnut, Calif., Marine 1st Lieut. David Tork, 27, who had never before topped 15 ft. 8½ in., easily cleared 15 ft. 7 in., then asked for the bar to be put up to 16 ft. 2 in. On his second try he sailed over to beat John Uelses' month-old world record by 1½ in. The two will meet face to face at the Fresno, Calif., West Coast Relays this week, and again at the Los Angeles Coliseum next week. Tork's goal: 17 ft., which seems not too far off of reach considering the fact that he narrowly missed 16 ft. 5 in. just after setting the new record.

► Down 3-2 at the half, Lisbon's Benfica soccer team rallied on two goals by 19-year-old Eusebio da Silva, defeated Real Madrid, 5-3, to retain the European Cup.

► The starting flag fell prematurely in the annual Miami-to-Nassau powerboat race: recent speedboats scuttling wildly across each other's wakes, resulted in a collision between a Coast Guard patrol boat and a 40-ft. cruiser. For once the choppy ocean course was placid and the race went to the swift, not the sturdy. The winner: *Aokone*, a light 25-ft. runabout powered by twin 280-h.p. Mercury engines and skippered by Florida's John Bakos. *Aokone* covered the 182-mile distance in a record 3 hr., 42 min., 20 sec., at an average speed of 49 m.p.h.



EN-AMATEUR NICKLAUS
Working his way up.

week he could reflect on some harsh differences between the pro and the amateur game, and on the problems of moving into a man's world.

Off the Green. Nicklaus' first shock was the biggest: his golf game, polished and sound, almost fell apart on the grind of pro tour. "As an amateur," he said, "I played nothing but good courses, with good greens and dependable grasses. But as a pro, you have to play all kinds of courses—many of them awful. I had to find different clubs, learn a lot of new shots. I had to learn to putt from off the green. I had to change my putter. I've always used one with a very light blade; it was fine for the fast greens I played on as an amateur. But as a pro I had to be ready for any kind of green." The weather, said Nicklaus, was often worse than the course. "At San Diego, I had to learn how to play frozen greens. At the Bing Crosby National, I had to play with the rain coming at me sideways.

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Into the Big Time

To the seven U.S. Senators' wives who while away the long hours between capital bashes by composing columns for the papers back home, no prospect seems quite so glorious as making the big time—actually getting paid for their stuff. Last week this alluring dream came true for one of them: pert, dark-haired Marion Javits,* 37, wife of the Republican Senator from New York, Jacob Javits, 57. Mrs. Javits signed on for a twice-a-week stint with the *New York Post* (circ. 313,349), a paper whose liberalism exceeds even that of Marion Javits' spouse.

Jack Javits' wife has long sought a suitable form of self-expression. She tried painting, ballet dancing, flying, acting (she had a bit part in a 1960 movie, *Who Was That Lady?*), before turning to journalism. Last summer she began writing a column for *Manhattan East*, an uptown uppercrust weekly.

In her *Post* debut, Mrs. Javits exhibited an interest in gastronomy and fashion that the paper's readers, more accustomed to the naked dialectics of such columnists as Murray Kempton, James Wechsler and Max Lerner, may take some time getting used to. "For hors d'oeuvres," wrote Mrs. Javits, describing the table she laid for some visitors, "I served eggplant caviar on tiny rounds of toasted bread. Lunch began with *quiche Lorraine*, with special home-made puff-dough cheese sticks, followed by a main course of cold jellied *boeuf* . . . You can understand why neither the Senator nor I could eat dinner that night."

* The others: Mrs. John Sherman Cooper (Ky.); Mrs. William Proxmire (Wis.); Mrs. Gale McGee (Wyo.); Mrs. Wallace F. Bennett (Utah); Mrs. Prescott Bush (Conn.); Mrs. John Williams (Del.).



COLUMNIST JAVITS
In search of satisfaction.

Mrs. Javits' venture into Manhattan journalism has encouraged both her humility and her boldness. "While I don't have the thing Scotty Reston has," said she, "I've always been interested in newspapering. I suppose I really keep searching for something that will give me complete satisfaction."

Siege in Two Cities

For the fourth straight week, Detroit and Minneapolis were newspaperless cities. Separate strikes had silenced the *Star* and *Tribune* in Minneapolis, and the *Free Press* in Detroit. Out of sympathy, Detroit's other paper, the evening *News*, voluntarily signed off for the duration.

Behind the customary bread-and-butter issues lay disputes so stubborn that the siege in the two cities seemed unlikely to lift soon. In Detroit, the unions were crying "lockout" at the unstruck but silent *News*. In Minneapolis, the mailers' union held fast to their right, under challenge by the publishers, to tie newspapers into bundles before loading onto trucks.

Meantime, in Detroit, idled staffers from John S. Knight's *Free Press* migrated to other Knight papers in Akron, Charlotte, N.C., and Miami. In Minneapolis, a strike-born daily, the *Minneapolis Herald* (initial press run: 63,300), established by Minneapolis Adman Maurice McCaffrey, 48, gave news-hungry Minneapolisites (twelve pages of local news lightly seasoned with national and international events).

Musical Chairs

Beneath the crystal chandeliers at the St. Regis Roof, an ornate auditorium that tops Manhattan's St. Regis Hotel like a tiara, sat a glistening segment of New York's feminine society. The girls had gathered for the usual ritual: a fashion show (this one a benefit in memory of Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke, who died in a plane crash last year). As usual, the crowd vied in splendor with the mannequins displaying the new summer modes. Mmes. William Woodward, George F. Baker, Frederick Cushing and John R. Fell turned out with their fanciest friends, some sporting the new ascetic Marienbad coiffure and all dressed to the nines. But this was a fashion show with a difference. For it demonstrated that not only fashion but fashion editors can change.

There sat Diana Vreeland, a regal figure in black. For a quarter-century Diana had been fashion editor of *Harper's Bazaar*. But Diana was eying the procession as associate editor of *Harper's* rival, *Vogue*—having switched magazines last month. And of the lithe models doing their stylish slither down the inter-table runway, none so captured Diana's rapt attention as China Machado, 26, an exotic blend of Portugal and Siam, glorious in a cocktail-hour getup that included pants and an overskirt. China (pronounced *Chee-nah*) was there in two capacities: as a model, and as the newest fashion staffer on *Harper's Bazaar*. Said she of her latest



EDITOR MACHADO
In pants and all.

venture: "I have so much to learn that I'm killing myself."

Not all of fashion's new team of silyhs were there. Wilhela Cushman, the *Ladies' Home Journal's* fashion editor since 1937, stayed away because covering fashion shows is no longer her job. That privilege now belongs to Catherine di Montezemolo, a *marquesa* who left *Vogue's* corral of fashion writers last month to succeed Wilhela on the *Journal*. Cathie did not show at the roof either: she had seen all these summertime fineries before.

Absent, too, was dapper, Paris-born Baron Nicolas De Gunzburg, 57, who, in this fashionable game of musical chairs, remains firmly seated behind his desk as fashion editor of *Vogue*. Nicky has sat there for 13 years, and no mere slip of a woman is likely to replace him.

Or is she?

Juggernaut in Kid Gloves

Syndicated Columnist Inez Robb has been content to leave such lofty matters as "world peace, the Good Neighbor policy, nuclear supremacy and the stabilization of the dollar" to colleagues of a more cosmic stripe. Mrs. Robb usually sights-in on humbler game: highway billboards, women in slacks, unhygienic rest rooms. Of late, she has turned her feminine fire on extremists of the far ideological right. Last week Columnist Robb discovered to her surprise that her most recent crusade contained a built-in booby trap. For daring to impugn the rectitude of the right in a luncheon speech, Columnist Robb was tossed out of her room at the Camelback Inn near Phoenix, Arizona—typewriter, white gloves, husband and all.

The eviction was not without its comic aspects. After checking into the Camelback, a palmy desert spa usually inhabited by wealthy oldsters, Columnist Robb

was somewhat amused to find her room fitted out not with the usual Gideon Bible but with a collection of anti-Communist pamphlets.

"I had read the good old Gideon Bible for 30 years," says Mrs. Robb. "But there was no Bible. Only the Gospel by Dr. Fred Schwarz. On balance, I think the King James version is to be preferred."

Inspired by this discovery, and by the hotel library's "freedom shelf," full of even more vehement anti-Communist literature, Mrs. Robb switched the text of her speech next day before the Arizona Association of Deans of Women in the Camelback's Peace Pipe Room. There she let feminine wrath get the better of her good sense, described "those on the far right" as "fascists who don't want to pay taxes." After her talk she found herself involved in an emotion-charged argument with the family of the Camelback's vehemently anti-Communist Proprietor Jack Stewart. Convinced that Mrs. Robb had not only impugned his politics, but criticized his hotel's food and service as well (she described the luncheon peas as "gutta-percha"). Stewart gave the Robbs five minutes to get out of the Camelback.

Slightly Bemused. Innkeeper Stewart's anger was a backhanded compliment to the power of a woman who, in an overcrowded journalistic specialty, has managed to find a place and a style her own. Quite by coincidence, Inez herself produced another reminder of her style last week with publication of *Don't Just Stand There!* (David McKay Co.; \$4.95). A collection of her columns, the book suggests that Columnist Robb not only wears well, but brings to her specialty an admirable energy and skill. Columnist Robb's Irish blue eyes see life, both high and low, with the undazzled and slightly bemused vision that makes her column appetizing fare to readers of 132 dailies.

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en in slacks look like the back end of hacks"), assaulting high fashion ("Their models look as if they had just been blown out of a wind tunnel"), hitting back at the birds ("There ought to be a law that makes pigeon feeding a crime"), or taking a good-natured swipe at the opposite gender ("Man is indeed the weaker sex, worse luck"). Inez Robb interprets the world she roams with an inexhaustible vivacity that can make her competitors' columns read like the telephone book.

At her best, Columnist Robb whips up aphorisms with tart economy: "Doubtless, there is a Phi Beta Kappa mating call" . . . "War reunions are hell" . . . "Men are the sensitive, emotional sex, verging on hysteria." Even off form, as when she is straining for a simile ("The world is shrinking like a pair of red flannels in a spring rain"), she still manages to convey a chatty warmth that is as merchandisable in Boise as it is in Manhattan.

Whirling Dervish. Boise, in fact, is still in Inez Robb's blood—and her column intermittently pays loving homage to the "Paris of the West." As a high-school student, she broke into newspapering there. From Boise, it was only a step (a degree at the University of Missouri School of Journalism¹ and a hop (one year on the *Tulsa World*) to New York. Installed on the *Daily News* editorial staff in 1927 at \$75 a week ("My mother and father were worried sick: no good woman in Idaho had ever earned as much as \$75 a month"), Inez rose to society editor within 18 months, met and married Manhattan Adman Robb ("He was just my idea of a city slicker").

But even the nation's largest daily was not big enough for Inez. After 14 years, she turned syndicated columnist and began a professional career that she has since described as "the life of a whirling dervish." She arrived in Ireland in 1942 with the first contingent of U.S. troops; later, as an accredited war correspondent, she covered the campaign in Africa. When the United Nations was born in San Francisco in 1945, Inez was there. That same year she flew around the world in six days, got back in plenty of time to cover the 1946 Texas City disaster—so close-in that an exploding ship blew her nylons off.

Fish, Guests & Pals. Along a route through 40-odd countries, Columnist Robb has interviewed everyone from Archduke Otto and his mother, the Empress Zita, to "Evil Eye" Finkle, a Manhattan character who earned his living by putting the hex on prizefighters and wrestlers—always in the white kid gloves that are as much a Robb trademark as her golden hair. By choice, however, she tries to steer clear of politicians: "Benjamin Franklin said that guests and fish stink after three days. I say politicians do after three minutes."

Now sixtyish ("Just say I'm somewhere between the age of consent and collapse"), Columnist Robb sees no end to the trail that began in Boise. "I may not be able to go on forever," she says, "but I have no plans to quit. I write to amuse myself. If something interests me, it will usually interest at least some of my readers."



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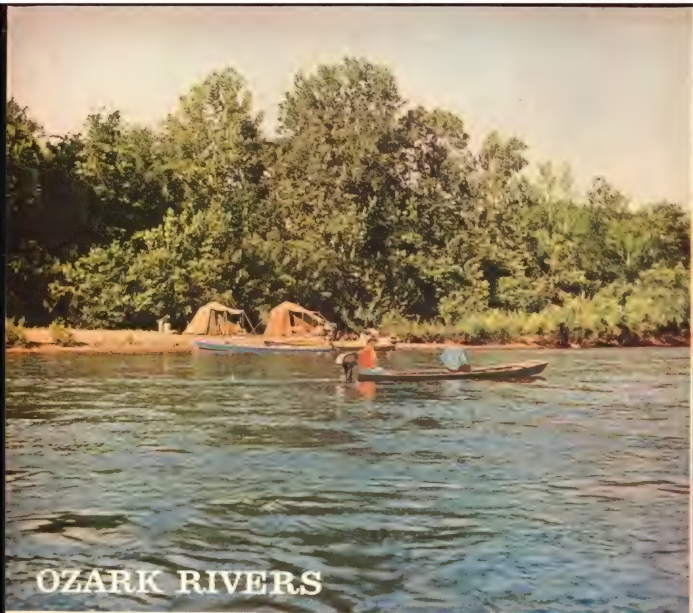
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MUSIC

Dream Faculty

When I was a student at the Imperial Conservatory in St. Petersburg," says Violinist Jascha Heifetz, the great Leopold Auer "pointed the finger at me and told me to teach." Heifetz was lame. But thanks to his concert career and a later period of semiretirement, he took his time following Auer's advice. When he settled down to teaching this winter, Heifetz decided to enlist his Los Angeles neighbors—Cellist Gregor Piatigorsky and Violist William Primrose. Result: the most gifted string faculty in the world.

Last week the dream faculty was hard at work teaching 13 rigorously selected students at the University of Southern California's Institute for Special Musical Studies. All three men are full professors there, and each devotes two afternoons a week to teaching—mostly by demonstrating his own matchless technique. The students, who range from talented teenagers to working professionals, sit with their instruments at the ready while Maestro Piatigorsky rumbles out his Russian-flavored instructions, or Primrose—ruddy, tweedy and bespectacled—earnestly demonstrates the fine points of bowing. The unexpected comic on the faculty is normally glacial Jascha Heifetz, who thoroughly enjoys his own mild musical gags, e.g., rippling through Bach with assorted notes slightly flattened to see if the pupils are alert enough to pick them up.

So far, the three professors have found that much of their time is devoted to correcting the work of unqualified teachers—"fifty percent undoing and fifty percent doing." It would be wonderful, they feel, if all U.S. master musicians followed the example set by their colleagues in Russia

and devoted some of their time to teaching. Says Piatigorsky: "So many people who were here with us and now are gone—like Kreisler and Toscanini—never had students. This is a great loss, and we must not repeat the mistake."

Creator Once More

At the Santa Fe Opera, the Hamburg Staatsoper and the New York City Ballet, the dancers and singers were preparing gala evenings in his honor. In Mexico City and Melbourne, Johannesburg, Moscow and Tel Aviv, symphony orchestras were tuning up for concerts to celebrate his birthday. Recordings of the old man's music were at full flood, and the British Broadcasting Corp. was boldly planning a year's project to play all 102 of his works. But as he neared his 80th birthday, in company with another of the century's great creators (see ART), Igor Feodorovich Stravinsky was his own best celebrator. In Toronto last week he shuffled to the podium, looking awfully like Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and conducted the CBC Symphony in some of the best music to flow from his pen in years.

Some of Stravinsky's recent works, such as his seven-minute *Gesualdo Monumentum*, which is little more than an orchestration of three madrigals by Don Carlo Gesualdo (circa 1560-1613), have suggested that nowadays the old revolutionary talks better about music (in interviews with Protégé Conductor Robert Craft) than he composes. Although, in the U.S. at least, Stravinsky remains the most widely played living composer, the works that turn up most often in the concert halls are early masterpieces like *Firebird* and *Petrouchka*, with their gorgeous



IGOR STRAVINSKY
Living legend.

colors, their richly varied rhythms and brilliant orchestrations.

Substitute for Vitality. But Stravinsky, of all living composers, is the one who can least stand still; and today, after moving through the classicist waters of *Pulcinella* and *Oedipus Rex*, he has turned to the serial technique. He is as adept as ever at what he once regarded as the discipline of an alien school.

Convinced that serialism "is the way of the future," Stravinsky played upon it with exalted dignity in his religious work *Threni*, and with blazing excitement in his ballet score, *Agon*. But some critics feared that in such works as *Movements for Piano and Orchestra*, as Stravinsky worked toward the refinement of sound, he was substituting mere mechanical skill for invention and vitality. One of last week's new works—*Eight Instrumental Miniatures*—seemed to confirm that impression. Consisting of "recomposed" material from 1921, his *Miniatures* were charming, light, mellow and infinitely adroit, but they did little more than sound echoes of such early Stravinsky triumphs as *The Soldier's Tale*.

Technique & Feeling. Stravinsky's new cantata, *A Sermon, A Narrative and A Prayer*, was a far more impressive achievement. Only 15 minutes long, it was scored for alto, tenor, speaker, chorus and full orchestra. Yet it had so lean a texture that virtually every detail was visible—as if a chamber group were playing. The piece was remarkable not only for its intensity and melodic freedom but for the intricacy and beauty of the vocal writing, particularly in the moving duet of alto and tenor in the *Prayer*, and in the *Narrative* about the stoning of St. Stephen. Rarely since he turned to serialism has Stravinsky so closely or effectively welded technique to feeling.

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it had a legend before its eyes, applauded the program frenetically. The legend beamed, "I see you like it," he said after the *Minutemen*. "We do it again." To the delight of his fans, he promptly got the orchestra to do just that.

Mythical Mahagonny

No trains stop at the city of Mahagonny, on the Gulf coast of the U.S., and no steamers list it as a port of call. But to informed, between-wars German theatergoers, the imaginary town was a metropolis of almost legendary fame—a strange amalgam of 1920s New Orleans and beer-cellar Berlin.

The *Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* was not the most successful stage work of Playwright Bertolt Brecht and Composer Kurt Weill (*The Threepenny*

marked a turning point for Composer Weill—away from atonality toward the jazz influences that would color all the rest of the music that he produced, including such Broadway hits as *Street Scene* and *Lady in the Dark*.

With its echoes of the fox trot, the blues, the shimmy, and with its bold melodies and dramatic rhythms, the score remains as compelling as ever. At last week's Heidelberg revival, the orchestra of only 30 players was heavy on winds rather than strings, managed to re-create with remarkable skill the tinny, strident sound of oldtime jazz bands. The opera's cast of criminals, procurers and prostitutes were re-creations of the fantasy Americans dreamed up by Socialist Brecht. Their anarchic world was a caricature of turn-of-the-century capitalism.



SCENES FROM HEIDELBERG PRODUCTION OF "MAHAGONNY"
Playing one tune and echoing another.

(Opera has consistently attracted more attention), but it was by all odds their most ambitious collaboration. At its 1930 premiere in Leipzig, its jazzy score and slangy libretto, combined with Nazi-inspired resentment of its Jewish composer and its left-wing theme, touched off one of the worst riots in the history of the German theater. Rarely performed since then, *Mahagonny* was revived last week by the Heidelberg Municipal Theater in a stark and moving production.

Caricature Capitalism. Both Weill and Brecht, recalls Weill's widow, Singer Lotte Lenya, were fascinated by the America they knew "from books, movies, popular songs, headlines—the America of the garish Twenties, with its Capones, Texas Guinans, Alcee Semple, MacPhersons, Ponzis, and the Murderer-Ruth Snyder. The mythical city of Mahagonny (pronounced mah-hah-ah-nee) was a symbol of that imaginary America, and the city's reason for being was summed up in the name of its principal hotel: the Here-You-May-Do-Anything Inn. The opera's songs

But as the opera unfolded, detailing the eating, loving, fighting and drinking habits of the inhabitants of Mahagonny during seven workless days of each week, the audience repeatedly broke in with applause—most notably at the end of *Alabama-Song*, a savage but haunting number in which Lotte Lenya made her debut as a singer more than three decades ago.

Oh, moon of Alabama,

We now must say goodbye.

We've lost our good old mamma

And must have whisky.

Oh, you know why.

Corrosive Iridescence. Mahagonny's enthusiastic reception suggests that twelve years after its composer's death, it may yet take its place beside *Threepenny Opera* as an operatic staple. Composer Weill may not have caught the true flavor of jazz-age America that he found so attractive, but in seeking it he caught something else—his corrosively iridescent music recalls the cold cynicism of his own generation of Europeans, caught midway between two wars.



Twirling young Scots do the Highland Fling at the Royal Braemar Gathering near Balmoral Castle.

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EDUCATION

The Nesselrode to Ruin

Grammarwise, it is permissible to tailor any word with the suffix meaning "in the manner of." Esthetically, it is deplorable—businesslike, dollarwise, saleswise and weatherwise are all barbarisms that deserve to be barred. And now with a word to the wise comes an equally formidable enemy: *ness*, denoting "state, quality or condition." It is not the friendly suffix of greatness, goodness, loveliness (properly forming abstract nouns from adjectives) or even Loch Ness, but a whole new invasion of language spotted by Professor Dorothy N. Foote of California's San Jose State College.

In *The CEA Critic*, published by the College English Association, Teacher Foote reports that *ness* added to nouns, pronouns, verbs and phrases—a custom thought until now to be mostly whimsical, as in *whyness* or *everydayness*—has become popular among distinctly uncouth people. In *Clock Without Hands*, Novelist Carson McCullers repeatedly alludes to *liviness*—meaning, as Teacher Foote sees it, "the hum of hot blood, the buzz, the throb of passion," which is perhaps also "felt sabbily by flowers and vegetables." *Thingness*, as used by Poet John Ciardi, "the sober Saul of modern letters," apparently connotes some ineffable quality of poetic words when uttered by a poet. When Novelist J. D. Salinger's Franny cries her eyes out in a ladies' room (Is she pregnant, hearing God, or what?), she observes the room's *stuckness*—but at least Salinger can quote precedent, for the word is common in Buddhist philosophy as *tathata*, the equivalent of *thinsness*.

On this suffix down, any number can play—and do. A recent novel speaks of *drinkingness* (more pleasurable than drunkenness). One Texas preacher is currently using everything from *thereness* and *scatterredness* to *gatheredness*—which suggests that he owes a debt to *togetherness*, used in the 1920s by Philosopher Alfred North Whitehead long before Madison Avenue took it over. Another early *ness*-builder was Mr. Justice Holmes, who defended his decisions by saying: "I do accept a rough equation between *isness* and *oughtness*." Teacher Foote has spotted the malpractice as far back as a rare 16th century book that describes Fingal's Cave in the Hebrides as having *cavernness*. So perhaps, as George Eliot put it, "Men's men: gentle or simple, they're much of a muchness."

Heavyweight Champion

When he took over Indiana University in 1937, fun-loving Herman B. (for nothing, and please no period) Wells alarmed hidebound Hoosiers with his penchant for dressing up in a coonskin coat and roaring around Bloomington in a bright blue touring car with the top down. For all his bulk (228 lbs. at 5 ft. 7 in.), the nation's youngest (then 35) president of a state university looked like a lightweight.

Happily, the pessimists were dead wrong. When he stepped down last week at 60— to be replaced by Army Secretary Elvis Stahr Jr.—"Hermie" Wells was known throughout U.S. campuses not only as the man who remade Indiana University but also as just about the best old-pro prey in the business.

Son of two schoolteachers in James-



INDIANA'S STAHR
On to greener fields.

town, Ind., and dean of Indiana's School of Business Administration before he moved up to the presidency. Economist Wells proved to be a master at charming cash out of state legislators, and he used it to buy academic quality. Up surged the English department, the music and medical schools. The faculty blossomed with top scholars: Heart Surgeon Harris B. Shumacker Jr., Nobel-Prizewinning Geneticist Hermann J. Muller and the late Sexologist Alfred C. Kinsey, whose scholarship Wells stoutly defended when Kinsey first began to publicize his findings.

Indiana's plant has quadrupled under Wells, enrollment has quintupled to 25,000, the university's vast research program spans everything from nuclear cloud chambers to training teachers in Thailand. Wells broke down racial barriers at Indiana, quietly opened dormitories and the swimming pool to Negroes (in 1959, Miss Indiana University was a Negro). Not least, Wells in 1956 snagged Drug Manufacturer Josiah Kirby Lilly's collection of 20,000 first editions and thousands of the nation's leading rare-book centers. Bachelor Wells, lover of antiques and fine food, has gained not only 50 lbs. or so in his 25-year regime but also heavy respect as an academic statesman.

Wells now takes over the Indiana University Foundation, which finances research and handles private gifts. He leaves a rich heritage to Kentucky-born President Stahr, 46, lawyer and Rhodes schol-

ar, who had the highest academic average in the history of the University of Kentucky, later taught law at Kentucky, became vice chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh and the youngest president (1950-61) in the history of the University of West Virginia.

Less successful were Stahr's 11 months at the Pentagon, where his academic personality failed to mesh with hardware-oriented Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara. Stahr once admitted that he did



INDIANA'S WELLS
Out of a blue convertible.

not know a battle group from a battalion, and blame for foul-ups in last year's call-up of Army reservists landed on his desk. He should be happier at Indiana, where his talents are more suitable.

Trouble at the Top

After scrutinizing 60 campuses, Princeton's former (1933-57) President Harold W. Dodds last week glumly concluded in *The Academic President—Educator or Caretaker?* (McGraw-Hill; \$5.95) that "the position of the president as a force in education continues to decline." Dodds's report, financed by the Carnegie Corporation of New York, cites estimates that college presidents often spend only 10% to 20% of their time on educational matters. Snarled in "business management, public relations, fund raising," says Dodds, they should be devoting half of their time to real academic leadership.

Too many of them are just big-name laymen: "This is no place for a retired governor or general per se or a minister whose congregation or bishop wants to kick him upstairs." It is no place for politicians "on ice until the next election" or executives brought in from business. The problems of university presidents are "more like those of the manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company than those of the president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company." They must, above all, keep the schools they administer in balance, making the institution a true university and not a "multi-university."

NEXT YEAR'S BRIGHT FRESHMEN

Too Good for Ordinary Colleges, Too Numerous for the Best

UNTIL lately, the favorite complaint of U.S. colleges was that high schools sent them immature and un-scholarly freshmen. Now the tables are about to be turned. Ill-prepared for doubled enrollment in the 1960s, colleges also face a sharp rise in ability—the nation's better high schools are improving so fast that their top graduates are too good for ordinary colleges, and too numerous for the best ones to handle. The favored campuses in particular are hotly debating everything from admissions to curriculum, and a new shape for colleges seems to be in the making.

In sharp contrast to the many colleges that still keep students "in a state of perpetual puerility," says President Edward D. Eddy Jr. of Pittsburgh's Chatham College, are such citadels of learning as New Trier Township High School in Winnetka, Ill. There, he points out, students "may study four years of the Russian language. After two years, they can begin on Chinese, which is then taught in Russian." At Florida's Melbourne High School, one lad recently gave a sample, in a scholarship essay, of the levels that high school research can reach: "Subjection of the eyed river fish *Astyanax Mexicanus* to total darkness produces hyperplasia and reduction in the relative number of pituitary basophiles." Caltech's awed President Lee A. DuBridge reports that most of his 1952 freshmen "would have flunked dimly in competition with our freshmen of today—except, of course, if the freshman of ten years ago could have gone to the high school of today."

More of a Guy. Last week the impact was clear at the top Eastern colleges, which ended another admissions sweepstakes with the best winners ever. Reflecting better high school guidance, the colleges got fewer applicants than last year: 36,000 boys for 8,630 places in the eight-campus Ivy League; 9,800 girls for 2,800 places at the "Big Seven" women's colleges. By the same token, rejections were more heartbreaking than ever. Columbia and Radcliffe reported that 85%-90% of all applicants were perfectly qualified; there was simply no more room. Except for Columbia College, which aims to raise enrollment by 60% to 4,000, the top colleges are loath to expand.

What to do next is the great Ivy League headache. Should colleges that now skim the top 1% of U.S. high school seniors go on to make it the top 3%? Harvard's former Dean of Admissions Wilbur J. Bender recently warned that strictly academic standards, neglecting "passion, fire, warmth, goodness, feeling, color, humanity, eccentric individuality," may well produce "bloodless" Harvard students. Other admissions men are trying hard to discount test scores, which because they are so universally high are less useful for making distinctions. Now they assay "nonintellectual" (or nonrational) qualities, earnestly searching for "selflessness" or "sterling character" or signs that "he's more of a guy."

Eskimos & Ecology. To Frank Bowles, president of the College Entrance Examination Board, the only "logical" solution is even higher standards. To help prestige campuses, he recently suggested, the maximum College Board score of 800 might be raised to 1,200. Applicants might also be limited to those learned enough to enter as sophomores. Harvard's former President James B. Conant has suggested that Harvard-Yale-Princeton be reserved for pre-professional students headed for graduate school.

Yale moved a step in that direction last month when a faculty committee recommended junking the tender-care treatment for freshmen that was aimed at soothing first-year trauma, and urged early research opportunities for gifted students. To increase "learned men in our society," the faculty wants qualified students to earn M.A.s along

with B.A.s at the end of four years. As it is, Yale abounds with enterprising young scholars. Not untypical is Senior Nicholas J. Gubser, 23, founder of the Anthropology Club, who recently spent a 15-month leave living with an Eskimo family in Arctic Alaska. Last week he finished a paper on "the intellectual ecology of the Nunamiut Eskimos." Dean of Admissions Arthur Howe Jr. does not think such scholarship comes at a cost to other interests, and calms blue Old Blues with word that "the present Yale football team would beat any Yale team of any previous generation."

Little Lost Soul. All this clearly leads to more specialization, upsetting those who cherish the values of general education—and four years of it in a liberal arts atmosphere. They see colleges becoming mere cram schools for graduate study, and at some prestige campuses, 90% of all B.A.s do go on studying (national rate: 33%). The generalists are also unhappy about speedup advanced-standing schemes in which students skip entire years. (They approve the extra-credit Advanced Placement Program.) At Harvard, Classicist John Finley argues that even ultrabrights need time to grow up. "A student can fly from the West Coast to Harvard in a few hours," says Finley, "but the soul is like a little dog that has to run all the way across the continent, and gets to Cambridge about a year and a half later."

Harvard has in fact been talking undergraduates out of acceleration, persuading them to stay a full four years (a tough job at \$3,000 yearly costs), while taking graduate courses if they wish to. Columbia permits almost a year of graduate study credit within the four-year span. At the same time, Columbia is revamping its pioneering (1919) two-year general education program. Contemporary Civilization, The required sophomore part used to consist of smatterings from the works of 50 or so great thinkers; now it offers solid courses from anthropology to economics, a shrewd compromise between specialization and generalization.

Well-Rounded Colleges. None of this solves another complaint: the purported similarity of test-wise students at prestige colleges. Decrying the admissions system, one disgruntled professor asks: "How do you know that the well-organized adolescent will be the strong thinker of the future?" Similarly, Amherst's President Calvin Plimpton wants "a good mixture of city boys and country boys, rich boys and poor boys, bright boys and average boys, athletes and physically handicapped boys, Americans and foreigners, boys of all races, of all faiths and even no faith."

Echoing Plimpton's cry for melting-pot diversity, Williams' President John E. Sawyer last month got a Ford grant for a ten-year experiment of harboring academic risks. Up to 10% of Williams' freshmen will now be "individuals with a flair, a forte, a strength of character," but such poor grades that normally Williams might reject them. Going further, Dartmouth Mathematician John Kemeny favors "well-rounded colleges" that welcome halfbacks, musicians and millionaires, with "a small quota reserved for screwballs." And Harvard Psychologist David McClelland envisions a full-scale quota system—the 100 most scholarly boys, the 100 most curious, the 100 most ambitious, the 100 most imaginative or politically able "and so on down the line."

Whether or not this would unearth a single Lincoln or Churchill—both obvious rejects at contemporary Harvard—such ideas are a healthy sign. Good colleges are in fact pondering all sorts of innovations: streamlined courses, more independent study, better teaching by men, machines and TV. The colleges are anticipating criticism, and if unlikely to escape it, they are still bound to produce as many welcome surprises as the high schools.



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MILESTONES

Married. Ingemar Johansson, 29, dimpled former world heavyweight boxing champion; and Birgit Lundgren, 25, his right-hand gal since 1954 and official fiancée since 1970; he for the second time, she for the first; in Stockholm.

Married. Tony Richardson, 33, gangling director of neorealistic stage (*Look Back in Anger*) and screen (*Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*); and West End Actress Vanessa Redgrave, 25, Actor Sir Michael's willowy daughter; in London's Hammersmith Register Office.

Married. Bess Myerson, 37, TV mistress of ceremonies, Miss America of 1945; and Manhattan Lawyer Arnold Grant, 54, razor-sharp counsel for film and onetime RKO board chairman; both for the second time; in Manhattan.

Died. Frank Wilson Braden, 76, cigar-puffing circus press agent, a walking thesaurus of big-top hallyhoo to whom clowns were not clowns but rather "red-nosed, chalk-faced worshippers of the bluebird of happiness," who variously trumpeted the thrills of the Gentry, Sells-Floto, Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey, and Clyde Beatty-Cole Brothers circuses for half a century; of pneumonia; in Providence, R.I.

Died. Harry Guy Bartholomew, 78, longtime editor of the London *Daily Mirror*, a stout Fleet Street lord who held British journalism "too niminy piminy" and so transformed a dowager's daily into the world's first picture tabloid and still largest daily newspaper (circ. 4,593,263) by a blend of strident headlines (on Dunkirk's evacuation: BLOODY MARVELOUS!), cartoon strips and pro-Labor politics; of heart disease; in Camberley, England.

Died. Walter Phelps Hall, 77, Dodge professor emeritus of history at Princeton, a heartily unorthodox (drenched by a cloudburst once, he taught in his underwear) modern history teacher who, despite perversely scheduling his classes for 7:40 a.m., ran the most popular elective in the 39 years of his tenure; of a heart attack; in Austin, Tex.

Died. Major General Ralph Emerson Truman, 81, U.S.N.G. (ret.), testy first cousin of Harry, a onetime Spanish-American War corporal and World War I captain who, as an ardent week-end warrior, never forgave the Regular Army for relieving his command of the 35th Division, a Missouri-Kansas National Guard outfit he helped form, on the eve of World War II; of a heart attack; in Kansas City, Mo.

Died. Helen Dortch Longstreet, 90, spy widow of Confederate General James Longstreet, a Georgia belle who at 80 became a World War II "Riveting Rosie"; of a heart attack; in Georgia.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Kennedy Approach

In the bitter and uncertain aftermath of the steel episode, the nation has been waiting to discover how John Kennedy would deal with business in the future. At the annual U.S. Chamber of Commerce meeting last week, the President labored to be conciliatory and to prove himself no foe of business. But in one sentence, he firmly restated the thesis that underlay his intrusion into steel pricing. Said the President: "All the segments [of the economy], including the national Government, must operate responsibly in terms of each other, or the balance which sustains the general welfare will be lost."

The President told the Chamber that he hoped the steel crisis would mark "a turning point" for the better in relations between business and Government. Though he denies that he intends taking any broad new economic approach, Government-business relations are clearly moving into new and uncharted seas. What the Administration seems to be driving toward is an economy in which, without express legislative controls, both big business and big labor will be under continuous pressure from the White House to conform their price and wage policies to the "public interest"—however that may be defined by the Government at the time. If so, the Administration may be letting itself in for repeated off-the-ruff rulings that can hardly fail in the long run to prove contradictory, chaotic or ineffectual.

Echoes of F.D.R. The prospect is already evoking alarmed outcries from both labor and management. In California last week, the leader of an aerospace union grumbled: "We have got to the point where we are using wartime controls in

peacetime." At the U.S. Chamber of Commerce meeting, outgoing President Richard Wagner, a Chicago oil executive, even more bluntly declared: "We should remember that dictators in other lands usually came to power under accepted constitutional procedures established as a result of the erosion of sound constitutional principles." In Wagner's speech, and in many a private conversation among the Chamber of Commerce members in Washington last week, there rang faint echoes of the hostility and fear with which the business community once regarded Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Solitary Dissenter. For all their growing leanness of the Kennedy Administration, business-men were at least eager to see whether, in order to hold his noninflationary line, Kennedy would have to crack down on labor as hard as he had on Roger Blough.

Symptomatic of this attitude was the report of Kennedy's 20-man Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy, which last week urged that the President be granted extraordinary powers "in any bargaining situation in a major or critical industry which may develop into a dispute threatening the national health or safety." In such cases, the board recommended, the President should be empowered to: 1) appoint an emergency board which, as is now the case with the regulated railroads and airlines, would mediate the dispute and recommend settlement terms; 2) order an 80-day strike postponement without asking court sanction; as the Taft-Hartley law now requires; 3) go to Congress and ask for specific remedial action. All this would require a major overhaul of U.S. labor law and would mean further Government intervention in collective bargaining. Yet, of the six businessmen on the board, only



"WHAT'S THE NRE KITTY DOING UP THERE"

Henry Ford II* publicly dissented from the proposals as an encroachment on economic freedom. Wrote Ford: "In a democratic society, the need for reform cannot serve as justification for the elimination of freedom."

The Coming Tests. The advisory committee proposals are still not law—and may well never become so. Without them many businessmen question Kennedy's power—and determination—to move into the numerous major labor disputes now looming before the nation.

The most immediate battle involves the troubled railroads and their 450,000 nonoperating employees. Last week, in a recommendation that the Administration had little choice but to support, a presidential emergency board called for average wage increases of 10.3¢ an hour for the workers. The proposal pleased neither side in the dispute. The unions had demanded more than twice as much, and management asked why it should give anything at all when so many lines are running in the red. If a rail strike erupts—and the unions will be legally free to strike in 30 days—Kennedy will be put to a labor relations test every bit as formidable as his collision with Big Steel.

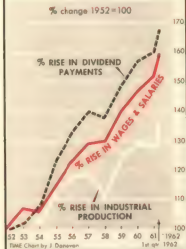
The Hard Choice. Besides the railroads, two other major industries are heading into labor negotiations: aluminum this month and aerospace next month. Kennedy's toughest chore, if he intends to keep watch over wages and prices, is apt to come not with major unions but with the tangle of small and militant locals in the construction industry. Last week a strike of construction workers—and a likely lockout by employers—was threatening to paralyze building in Northern California. The locals involved de-

*The other business members: Inland Steel's Chairman Joseph Block; U.S. Lines' Chairman John Franklin Reynolds Metals' President Richard Reynolds; IBM's Chairman Thomas J. Watson Jr.; McGraw-Hill Chairman Elliott V. Bell, and, until his death last January, Burlington Industries' Chairman Spencer Lacy.



CALIFORNIA HOD CARRIERS STRIKING FOR \$1.15 HOURLY RAISE
Small challenges make big woes.

Plump Payouts



manded that their current hourly base wage (\$3.23 to \$3.47) be increased by a phenomenal \$1.15 an hour over three years. Management offered 33¢, and neither side was budging.

Here, and in a score of similar construction disputes certain to break out around the country in the next few months, the President faces a hard choice. If his Administration does not move to settle these disputes as effectively as it moved against steel, the construction unions can touch off jogs of inflation all around the land. If the White House does intervene time after time in such local disputes, it risks eroding its largely psychological powers over labor and management. In the long run, the biggest block to John Kennedy's efforts to exercise a cautionary control on business and labor is the multiplicity and diversity of business decisions the U.S. takes every day. Too much of an effort to orchestrate the economy may only produce cacophony.

How Bad a Squeeze?

President Kennedy's speech to the Chamber of Commerce was interrupted by applause, only once—and that was when he said, "After all, we in the Government have a large stake in your profits." The remark was far more than a quip about taxes: the President is thoroughly aware that profits are the fuel for economic growth, stimulating businessmen to hire and to expand in order to make more profits. He also concedes that the U.S. economy is currently afflicted with a disease that has become known as the "profits squeeze."

By almost any standard, U.S. corporate profits have shrunk notably in the past decade. Some common measures:

► **As a percentage of invested capital:** By this gauge, which is the one that businessmen watch most closely, after-tax profits of U.S. industry have dropped from 6.7% in 1952 to 5.5% in 1961.

► **As a percentage of gross national prod-**

uct: By this measure, whose breadth as an index makes it the one the Government favors most, profits have slipped from 5% in 1952 to 4.5% last year.

► **As a percentage of sales:** By this standard, which is the most popular with the public and small businessmen, profits in the past decade have declined from 3.1% to 2.7%.

Hunting a Cause. Businessmen themselves commonly blame the squeeze on rising labor costs. Factory wages have actually declined as a percentage of costs for U.S. industry as a whole, because productivity has risen faster over the past decade than the wages paid to production workers. But automation and more paperwork have produced an increase in white-collar salaries, with the result that total labor costs have grown from 22.6% of sales in 1950 to 25.5% in 1961.

Arguing that this increase is too small to be significant, the Kennedy Administration blames the profits squeeze on two other causes: soft consumer demand and the high overhead expense that industry incurs when a lot of its productive capacity lies unused. The Administration figures that as U.S. corporations boost their sales, profits will spurt. Last year's total corporate profits amounted to only \$23 billion, barely \$500 million above the level of 1950, but the Administration predicts a rise this year to \$28 billion.

Rise in Write-Offs. A number of economists argue that the profits squeeze is partly the result of a permanent change in U.S. business habits. To keep pace with technological change, industry today is spending \$7 billion a year on research, and while research holds out prospects of increased future profits, it takes a painful bite out of current income. Some economists hold that today's high corporate taxes stimulate managers to allocate increasing amounts for tax-deductible business expenses—everything from company planes to sales promotion trips—which in turn reduce profits. Says the vice president of a major Midwestern bank: "When a businessman looks at profit dollars to day, he sees only 50¢ dollars. This makes for some inefficient expenditures."

In this atmosphere, many economists are paying less heed to profits as a measurement than to "cash flow," which is retained profits plus money set aside to cover depreciation of plant and equipment. Depreciation is not quite as good as profits—for example, dividends cannot be paid from it—but it does finance a huge amount of modernization and expansion. And depreciation write-offs are soaring. Since 1954, when the Government began permitting faster depreciation, annual write-offs have more than doubled, to \$25 billion last year. Largely because of this, cash flow has performed far better than profits, rising by 72% in the past decade. Last year cash flow of U.S. industry reached \$34 billion—a considerably handsome figure than the \$23 billions of profits.

Necessary Fact. Economists, including many employed by industry, generally do not take as dim a view of the profits

Pinched Profits



squeeze as do businessmen. To lament that it has even cut into dividends, the economists point out that, in fact, dividends have been rising at a faster rate in the past ten years (see chart) than either wages or industrial production.

Yet the squeeze is real, and with sharpening competition to be expected both at home and abroad, few experts foresee any early return of the fat and easy profit margins of the years immediately after World War II. Some economists even see a virtue in the profits squeeze, because it forces businessmen to pare fat and seek new efficiencies. Says President George H. Ellis of Boston's Federal Reserve Bank: "There should be a squeeze. In most competitive economies, there is a profits squeeze. It is a fact of life."

WALL STREET

The Wild One

In a week that left even Wall Street professionals bemused and confused, the stock market bobbed down, up, down like a Yo-Yo—and to as little apparent purpose. When the hectic action ended, the Dow-Jones industrial index stood nearly six points above its level at the beginning of the week—but more than 50 points below its level in mid-March.

Leading the pack in both directions was International Business Machines, the glamour blue chip that some Wall Streeters claim is "not a stock but a religion." IBM opened the week with a spectacular 31½-point drop to \$454, and the following day—apparently because of an extraordinary number of stop-loss orders—fell another 24 points with such rapidity that trading in the stock was suspended three times. But before the market closed, bargain hunters moved in and drove IBM shares back up 37 points to \$462. By the end of the week, successive rallies had boosted the price to \$486, 13 points above where it stood in the first place.

What accounted for these wild gyrations?



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BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



Laurel gathering

In the fertile soil of publishing, nothing sprouts quicker in the springtime than awards. Before the first crocus is up, the first award is in full bloom. This year, **BUSINESS WEEK's** research in the field of apperception was tagged by Annual Media Awards as tops in Media Research for 1961. Conducted for us by Daniel Yankelovich, Inc., the study shows what readers of **BUSINESS WEEK** and of five other general-business and news publications expect to find in the publications they read regularly. A few of the results? The readers of **BUSINESS WEEK** expect to make more "helpful, practical, problem-solving" use of the advertising than do the readers of the other publications. **BUSINESS WEEK** readers also apperceive that their magazine is addressed to them in their management role . . . that there is a "unity of purpose" in **BUSINESS WEEK's** editorial and advertising pages. Quite an image to have among one's readers!

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tions, seemingly unrelated to any visible economic or political developments? The majority of Wall Street analysts, pointedly noting that at \$486 IBM is selling for 50 times the corporation's estimated per-share earnings, had a simple explanation: it had finally dawned on the investing public that many stocks were greatly overpriced. Other analysts, noting that stocks have long been overpriced compared with corporate earnings, argued that it was all the fault of the steel price crisis and mounting investor fears about President Kennedy's attitude toward business in general.

Whatever the explanation, almost no one found any great comfort in the fact that the Dow-Jones averages ended the week higher than they had started it. To Wall Street professionals, the modest recovery was flawed by the fact that higher prices were accompanied by a decline in trading volume to 3,010,000 shares a day. Warned Edmund Tabell of Walston & Co.: "The market is not going to go up right away. It might go lower again."

BUSINESS ABROAD Blough-Kennedy à la Deutsch

In West Germany last week, government and business played out their own version of the great Kennedy-Blough drama. The German actors did their best to follow the original script faithfully, but somehow something got lost along the line in translation.

Playing Jack Kennedy in the German version was Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard, who made his reputation as the laissez-faire-dealing architect of Germany's postwar prosperity. Seven weeks ago, as West German television viewers waited for the evening weather broadcast, Erhard's owlish face unexpectedly appeared on their screens. Coddly, the Minister warned that unless labor stopped pressing for higher wages (which went up almost 15% last year) and business stopped boosting prices, German exports might well be priced out of international markets.

Scarcely had Erhard delivered his message when six German automobile manufacturers, led by Volkswagen, increased their retail price from \$60 to \$67 per car. With Kennedy-like rage, Erhard denounced the price rise as "irresponsible" and summoned top automakers to his office for what Germans like to call "soul massage."

At first it appeared that Erhard had won the day. Shaken by his assault, Volkswagen's board of directors recommended that the price increase be abandoned—and whatever Volkswagen did, the other automakers could be expected to follow. But under German corporate law, a directors' vote is not binding on management, and last week, politely rebuffing his board, Volkswagen's laconic President Heinz Nordhoff coolly announced that the increase would stick.

"Outrageous!" trumpeted Erhard. At his insistence, West Germany's Cabinet discussed the possibility of punishing the automakers by cutting the tariffs on im-



WEST GERMANY'S ERHARD
He ran out of Jack.

ported cars. But Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, never averse to taking would-be Heir Apparent Erhard down a peg, remained silent, and at week's end, despite continuing blasts from Erhard and the threat of three parliamentary investigations, the automakers still stood fast. Meantime, the German press, which had joined most of the nation's politicians in denunciation of the price rise, began to have second thoughts about Erhard's tactics. Wrote the *Bonner Rundschau*: "It is necessary to recall the basic foundations of our economy . . . No Cabinet, no minister, no Bundestag faction can replace entrepreneurs' freedom of decision, no matter whether one regards those decisions as good or bad."

"Thomson Sounds Good"

Of postwar Europe's many economic miracles, one of the most notable has been wrought by a Paris-based firm improbably known as La Compagnie Française Thomson-Houston.* Within barely a decade, Thomson-Houston has not only risen from relative obscurity to the top rank of French industry, but also has succeeded in persuading Frenchmen that its name is as Gallic as De Gaulle. "Thomson *sonne bien*" (Thomson sounds good) is the company's slogan.

Thomson sounds not only good but loud in every phase of electrical and electronic production in France. Still out-ranked in the rest of Europe by such rival electrical giants as Holland's Philips and Germany's Siemens (and only one twenty-fifth the size of America's G.E.), Thomson-Houston has outstripped all domestic competition in France and is still growing. Today the company's 21 factories turn out 50% of France's telecommu-

* Name derived from that of an affiliated U.S. firm that has long since disappeared in the mergers that ultimately produced General Electric.



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The Market's Up— The Market's Down

Both those generalities have a built-in fallacy that any investor will do well to remember.

What most people usually mean when they make either comment is that some "average" of selected stock prices has gone up or down during the day, or during the past three or four days.

But, and that's a mighty big but, there are more than 1100 common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange alone . . .

Plus another 900 on the American Stock Exchange . . .

And perhaps 40,000 or more over-the-counter stocks that can be bought and sold by the public.

So how can the action of a relatively few selected issues possibly dictate what you should do about *your* stocks?

Instead of "stock market" we've always preferred "market of stocks."

What's more we've never seen the day when all stocks moved together—up or down.

And we've never seen the day either when sound opportunities to buy couldn't be found despite the performance of the "averages." Or the day that certain securities shouldn't be held despite temporary decreases in price.

In a word, we're saying that any decision *you* make regarding stocks you own or stocks you might buy should never depend on "market up—market down" generalities. Fundamentally, they should be based on current facts regarding the outlook for specific industries, specific companies, and specific stocks only as they may have bearing on *your* individual circumstances, *your* particular reasons for investing.

And when it comes to supplying such facts—or telling you just what they seem to add up to—our help is yours for the asking.



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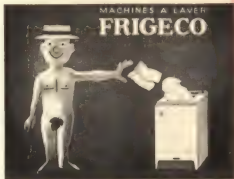
JACQUES DONTOT

communications equipment, 20% of its television sets, produce everything from electric light bulbs to antiaircraft missiles. Thomson's sales have doubled since 1955. Last year they reached \$161 million, and gross profits were a healthy \$12.5 million.

"You Need Ponderation." Organized in 1893 to handle the installation of electric trolley cars in Le Havre, Thomson-Houston soon became primarily a holding company with a small staff quartered on Paris' Boulevard Haussmann. In 1952 its directors, looking ahead, decided that the future belonged to producing companies. They bought up as many small electrical companies as they could, poured 10% of earnings into research and set out to sell to industry, the government, and to the French consumer—who is fondly referred to as "Monsieur Tout-le-monde" (Mr. Average Man). But its forced growth came close to being fatal. When the French government suddenly cut back military orders as a deflationary move, Thomson found itself overexpanded. Control of the new acquisitions was so loose that the result, recalls one Thomson executive, was "anarchy."

Into Thomson-Houston inner offices to root out anarchy came new managers. Among them was Jacques Dontot, 46, a flexible but outspoken engineering graduate of France's prestigious Ecole Polytechnique, who had risen to technical director of the nationalized Saar coal mines, but was casting around for "a different working silhouette." Dontot, who became managing director of Thomson in 1960 after only four years with the company, is described by his colleagues as a "managerial genius." His rebuttal: "You don't need genius in top management. You need ponderation. You need to accept good news and bad with calm."

Down to a Fig Leaf. Along with ponderation, Dontot has imbued Thomson-Houston with a dedication to long-range economic planning. Though French housewives have as yet shown scant enthusiasm for automatic washing machines, Dontot is convinced that they will come around in time, has doggedly plastered France with posters of a little man loading a Thomson-Houston washer with such enthusiasm that his sole remaining clothing consists of a straw hat and a fig leaf. Such investments in the future have paid off handsomely for Thomson-Houston. Currently, the company is swamped with orders for short-wave transmitters from new



WASHER ADVERTISEMENT
Outstripping the competition.

African nations. "It takes over two years to put a transmission facility together," says Chief Engineer Mario Sollima. "We'd be lost if we hadn't prepared."

Along with selling short waves to Africans, Thomson is reaching into other world markets, last year exported 10% of its sales, mostly to Common Market nations. Nonetheless, Thomson, faced with heavy competition, is openly uneasy over the speed with which Common Market customs duties and quotas are being lowered. "We agree with the goals," says one executive, "but not with the timetable."

Discouraging the Wild. One reason for this uneasiness is that, although Thomson wants its share of foreign markets, it prefers to keep France's Mr. Average Man for itself. Generously protected by French law, Thomson is usually able to persuade potential foreign competitors that rather than try to invade France themselves, they stand to make more money by letting Thomson handle their French production and marketing. With ties to General Electric dating from the Le Havre days, Thomson keeps a permanent engineering staff at the G.E. plant in Schenectady, produces under license products ranging from toasters to turbines based on G.E. patents.

Thomson is also adept at discouraging too much domestic competition. Says Dontot: "Competition is good if it's not wild. It has to be somewhat orchestrated." In cooperation with other big French companies, Thomson is sometimes accused of orchestrating overly aggressive little newcomers clean out of business through "exclusive dealer" relationships and offers of easier credit terms to dealers than its rivals can afford.

Confidence In & Out. Determined to keep ahead of the technological revolution, Thomson has furnished much of the electronic equipment used in France's atomic tests, currently has its scientists at work trying to find a role for the company in space. Outside the company, too, there is confidence in Thomson-Houston's future. In a recent survey, 50 French stock market analysts were asked to name the company whose stock they thought had the best chance of rising in 1962. Free to choose from the entire array of French and foreign industry, 13 of the analysts picked Thomson-Houston.



Threading the space needle

Towering 600 feet above the fabulous Seattle World's Fair, the Space Needle is a soaring symbol of our age, and will remain a permanent landmark. At the top of the tower are a constantly revolving restaurant and an observation deck affording a breathtaking view from the clouds. An estimated 10 million Fair visitors will travel up the Space Needle in transparent-walled Otis elevators. An unusual feature is the placement of the two elevators on the exterior of the tower. The problem of preventing cables from rubbing against the cars was

solved by installation of large rollers on the elevators. These super "safety cushions" were covered with a plastic sleeve designed for high impact strength and exceptional wear resistance, and made by Budd's Continental-Diamond Fibre subsidiary. Budd's unique skills in plastics, metallurgy and electronics make it a prime source of problem-solving materials and methods. The Budd Company, Philadelphia 32, Pa. Offices and plants in principal cities.

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An astronaut weighs less than 100 pounds.

Yet in a space vehicle that weighs thousands of pounds, he is the most vital of all equipment aboard.

But to go into space man must carry his earthly environment with him.

Oxygen, food, water, power, and everything to sustain life. Heavy lead shielding to protect him from solar flares and radiation belts.

This could add more than three tons to the weight of a space ship.

And every ounce is worth it. This has already been proven in the manned space flights to date.

To carry man far into space we must have rocket engines of



Immense power. Such an engine is the F-1, now being developed by the Rocketdyne Division of North American Aviation.

Five F-1 engines will launch 100 tons into low orbit around the earth by the middle of this decade.

These engines will carry a distinguished heritage when they leave the launching pad. For Rocketdyne engines have played a continuing role in the history of manned space flights.

It was a Rocketdyne-built Redstone engine that launched America's first astronauts into space. Rocketdyne-built Atlas engines lifted John Glenn into his orbital flight. And even now Rocketdyne is preparing the engines for the Saturn space ship which is scheduled to land men on the moon.

Yet the moon is only the beginning. With advanced engines like the F-1 we will move on to the other planets. To Mars. And after Mars, Venus. Planet after planet. Step by step into space. For America has undertaken a planned, orderly exploration of all of space. The goal is to find the greatest benefits there for all mankind.

The success of this undertaking will depend to a great degree on the ability of America's space engines to handle a weighty problem. Man.

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The Big Difference in car, home and business insurance is the continuing, personal attention of your independent insurance agent. Look for this seal before you buy insurance for your company. Only a professional, independent agent can display it.



RELIGION

Mulatto Saint

"We most strictly command that nowhere in the provinces of the Indies may there ever be received to the holy habit or profession of our order those who are begotten on the side of either one of their parents of Indian or African blood," read the statute of the Dominican order in 17th century Peru. Thus, the lowly Martin de Porres, offspring of a dalliance between a Peruvian grandee and a freed Negro slave girl, could never aspire to full priestly status in the Dominican Convent of the Most Holy Rosary in Lima. He took this mortification humbly, and gave a selfless life of service to the friary



ST. MARTIN DE PORRES
More than equal.

and the city as a tertiary of the order. This week Pope John XXIII amended the slight and more: at a 3½-hour ceremony in St. Peter's Basilica he made Martin de Porres the church's first mulatto saint.*

To Sell Himself. Brother Martin ranks among the church's spectacular healers of the sick and comforters of the afflicted. As the convent's almoner, he gave away more than \$2,000 a week in food and clothing to Lima's poor. Placed in charge of the Dominican infirmary, he filled up the beds with ailing human derelicts whom he found lying in the streets. Before he died in 1639, Brother Martin had established an orphanage and founding hospital. He loved animals as well as people, and filled the convent with wounded stray dogs and cats, which he nursed back to health. He even liked the convent mice.

* The church has already canonized one Negro, St. Benedict the Moor, a 16th century Franciscan whose parents were slaves from Africa; he was declared a saint in 1907.

feeding them scraps of food and setting up a shelter for them in the garden.

Martin de Porres' private life was austere. He never ate meat, fasted completely from Holy Thursday until noon on Easter. In imitation of St. Dominic, he lashed himself three times nightly with a whip whose hooked ends were weighted with iron. Once, when the convent fell into debt, he suggested that his superior could raise some of the money by selling him as a slave; the offer was prudently refused.

"The Same Dignity." Famed in his own lifetime for his miraculous cures of the dying, Brother Martin was venerated by Limeños as a potential saint almost from the day of his death. He was beatified by Pope Gregory XVI in 1837, and Pope Pius XI reopened the investigation of his life in 1926, after devotion to him had spread outside Peru to the U.S. and Africa.

Clearly, it was Brother Martin's heroic life, rather than the color of his skin, that brought him official church recognition as a saint. But just as clearly, his canonization was intended to honor Roman Catholics in Africa and Asia, and to point up Rome's stiffening opposition to racial prejudice. Notes the official Vatican account of his sanctity: "By his whole apostolic life, his prayers, his words, his example, even his miracles, he made it clear that every race and nationality has the same dignity, the same equality, because we are all sons of one heavenly Father and redeemed by Christ the Lord."

Storefronts in the Suburbs

Five years ago, a young Army veteran named Michael Delamarian, a graduate of South Carolina's Bible-teaching Bob Jones University, took over the run-down, 99-member Calvary Bible Church—a storefront operation on Chicago's Near North Side. It was an area crowded with similar churches, and within a year Delamarian decided that "it was more in keeping with the Lord's work" to move. He picked suburban Mount Prospect, 14 miles away, as his new place to serve.

Now Delamarian is pastor of the Mount Prospect Bible Church, which owns a \$150,000 brick-and-stone building for services; a gymnasium, and five acres of land. Delamarian's Sunday services draw 500 or more. But what the people hear in his new church is the same strident Bible faith that he taught in the Chicago storefront. "I haven't changed the service," he says. "It's the same out here as in the city."

Preaching the Bible. Michael Delamarian is not the only Biblical preacher to find newer and bigger congregations in the suburbs. Across the U.S., in working-class townships and bedroom communities that surround the great industrial cities, fundamentalist religion—in tiny, independent churches that feature emotion-laden sermons and preach a faith based upon an unerring Bible—is begin-

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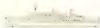
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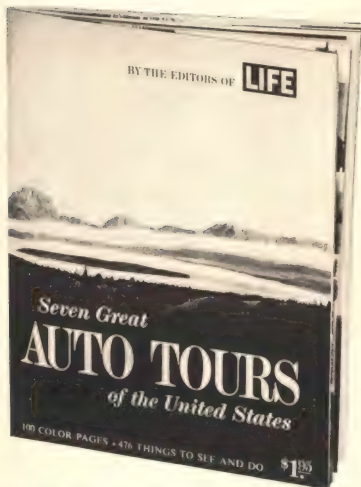
ning to threaten the traditional suburban hegemony of the mainstream Protestant denominations.

One fundamentalist leader estimates that around Chicago there may now be as many as 1,000 "storefronts"—as preachers persist in calling them, although in the suburbs they are more often housed in old churches bought from mainstream denominations, or in simple (and cheap) concrete-block structures. Last month the Rev. Lyle Schaller, director of the Regional Church Planning Office in northeastern Ohio (which represents twelve Protestant denominations), reported in *The Lutheran* magazine on a survey of new church construction near Cleveland. In the suburban triangle formed by Cleveland, Lorain and Elvira, no fewer than eleven of the 13 new congregations that have been organized since 1955 are Bible-preaching fundamentalist groups.

In suburbs as in city, storefront congregations tend to be small in size, distrustful of "worldliness" and "heresies" in mainstream Protestantism, ardent in their faith, and embellished with such florid names as Faith and Miracle Tabernacle or Church of the Living God. Few of them have fulltime ministers. Church services emphasize oldtime hymns and sermons that pound home a basic Gospel message of Christ's saving grace. There is little or no liturgy. "We feel that all this rising and reading confuses the issue," says Pastor Delamarian. "Our message is simple: Have you been saved?"

Standing in Judgment? Most of the storefront congregations are made up of white migrants from rural areas, who moved first to the city in search of factory jobs, and then to the suburbs after learning that they could buy a house on terms there far less than they paid for tenement rents. But some fundamentalist ministers claim that their young congregations include doctors, bankers and other professional men who have become dissatisfied with traditional Protestantism. "All the people have to be reached," says James Freeman, pastor of the Church of God Mountain Assembly, in the Cincinnati suburb of Norwood. "We have college people, high school people, and, as in all churches, the uneducated."

Most ministers of the mainstream Protestant churches profess not to be worried by storefront or cinder-block competition. "They're no real problem," says the Rev. Hugo Leinberger, church extension director for the North Illinois synod of the Evangelical and Reformed Church. "They make something of a splash when they start—but people get a little sophistication, a little education, and this kind of religion loses its appeal." Others are not so sure, and regard the growth of storefront religion as a challenge to the relevance of traditional Protestantism. The storefronts, says the Rev. Everett Francis, rector of the Episcopal Church of the Good Shepherd in Dearborn Township near Detroit, "stand in judgment upon us. They go to the people—they express an interest, a concern we don't always show except in an academic way."



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BOOKS

Night of Decay

THE WAX BOOM (307 pp.)—George Mandel—Random House [\$4.95].

Madness and war, the subjects of George Mandel's third novel, have been the most durable literary themes of the last two decades. This is probably not because the period has seen the spilling of more blood and sanity than others, but because it seems more than others to be the era of the average man, who obsesses authors with the similarities of his predicament rather than the individuality of his struggle. Many novelists nowadays tend to upend art to write about predicaments instead of people, but war novels and madhouse novels survive even this treatment. No matter how pale are a novelist's people, shot, shell and psychosis will set them off in a fascinating dance that closely resembles life.

Pushed from behind, Mandel writes in this upended fashion. He tells of the mental disintegration of a U.S. mechanized cavalry troop fighting in Germany in 1944, and his soldiers are only a shade more than interchangeable war novel parts. But he describes the branching filaments of their decay with subtle force, and states clearly a proposition that most battle novels fudge: in the insane world of mud, blood and constant gunfire, the normal condition of a combat soldier must be something close to insanity.

A Troop has been fighting for four months, pushed from behind by a hearty, pistol-packing captain whose notion of boldness is to commit his men without sufficient support. So far, casualties have been light. But good luck has been strained to the breaking point. So have the men of A Troop's second platoon. Tough, able Sergeant Rigioni, himself



NOVELIST MANDEL
Landscape of death.



AUTHOR LARDNER & WIFE
Etchings of life.

only fitfully rational, blurredly watches the breakup. It takes the form of a mania for light. At night, huddled sleeplessly in bomb-crushed cellars, the men crave candles. They try scraping wax from ration boxes, but the lights they make burn only for seconds. Then a replacement shows up, squeamish in combat but eerily skillful at finding large quantities of wax. He guards his secret, but the obsessed men find it out: the wax comes from holy figures in household shrines and churches.

Rich Symbolism. The men make candles. With the abundant light comes madness—or perhaps, indeed, the aberration is sanity. They will not fight. Rigioni refuses to lead them. The colonel's aide tries to pry them from their cellar refuge and finds himself looking down the barrel of a Thompson gun. The blowhard captain arrives, sermonizes plaintively at the figures crouched around the huge, 9-ft. candles, and is told to take his precious behind back to headquarters. He leaves. The Germans counterattack. The men are killed.

Mandel handles the deadly light with only a minimum of the writing-class prose that is standard in novels of this kind. The rich symbolism of the search for wax never becomes cant, even when the soldiers learn that the wax comes from melted saints. *The Wax Boom* is a commendable book, and, if predicament-describing were the main task of a novelist, it would be an excellent one.

A Trio of Lardners

SHUT UP, HE EXPLAINED (277 pp.)—A Ring Lardner Selection edited by Babbette Rosmond and Henry Morgan—Scribner [\$4.50].

There were two Ring Lardners that counted—or, at any rate, a plump one and a half. There was the man whose best stories are superb revelations of character, the lord of vernacular, the laureate of dull lives, crass hopes and mean minds. The second Lardner that counted was a fellow

of short flights and wild swoops and demented plunges, of parody and nonsense, of *non sequiturs* that on occasion proved knockout blows. Perhaps the most inspired of these—a daunted parent's reply to a child's bedeviling question—provided the title for *Shut Up, He Explained*, which restores the second Lardner to print with a mixed bag containing glittering tinsel as well as genuine treasures.

In many ways, *Shut Up, He Explained* is a curious book. For a generation to which Lardner is largely a distant figure of the 1920s (he died in 1933), familiar chiefly through textbooks and a few anthologies, it does not do full justice to the lasting appeal of the great American humorist. Nor is it likely to satisfy the Lardner buff (there are still a great many), who likes to sample his Lardneriana over the wide range offered by a box of Mother's Day chocolates. When Lardner was good, he was very, very good; when he was bad, he could be awful. This collection, by concentrating on Lardner rarities, too often fails to distinguish between the two, could better have been an anthology of Lardner's best for an era that could well profit from his trenchant humor.

Tootle & Twang. The publication in the 1920s of such nonsense "plays" as Lardner's *Clemo Uti*—"The Water Lilies" and *I Gaspiri* (*The Upholsterers*) perhaps marked the literary debut of the New Lunacy. Hailed in some quarters as offshoots of Dada and in others as potshots at it, they helped form the Crazy Katechism of the era. With the mere setting of the scene in *Clemo Uti*—"the Outskirts of a Parchesi Board"—there sounded a note that would tootle and twang and echo from Perelman to *Mad Magazine*; it was there, too, in the very first lines of *I Gaspiri*:

1st Stranger: Where was you born?

2nd Stranger: Out of wedlock.

1st Stranger: That's a mighty pretty country around there.

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Tridget of Greva and Cora, or *Fun at a Spa*, used various approaches. Sometimes they played upon words: "They tell me you and the President are pretty close." "He is."

Sometimes they went in for crossed wires: "Do you have much luck with your hogs?"

"Oh, we never play for money."

Sometimes the wires went dead, but the best moments were hilarious.

Shut Up restores much more: initial-spouting spoofs of corporation conferences; parodies of name droppers or of gossip columns ("What subscriber to the N.Y. telephone directory has got a cold?"); the very readable first act of *June Moon*, the hit Lardner wrote with George S. Kaufman; and some no longer very readable oddments. What is much the longest entry in this collection most resembles the Other Lardner. *The Big Town* is a novelette of the husband, the wife and the sister-in-law who decamp from South Bend for New York and rub their shoddy provincial aspirations against its spotted Main-Street realities. If it dips in places to its own thematic dullness, it remains a vivid photo strip that has by now a real period air. *Shut Up* also contains evidence of what was really a third Lardner that counted—the pioneer. This was the Lardner whose imitators, as Scott Fitzgerald said, "lifted everything except the shirt off his back—only Hemingway has been so thoroughly fished."

Even before he midwived the New Lunacy, Lardner was focusing at the flatlands of U.S. life a hard, unsparring look that went way beyond the familiar and funny. Moreover, years before a Lewis' *Babbitt* or a George Kelly's *Show-Off*, Lardner's satiric eye and sportswriter's knowledge had, in *You Know Me Al*, created that wonderfully breathing, ballplaying ape and peacock, Jack Keefe. Very little else written in so jocular a vein has severed the jugular vein so neatly. Thereafter, with stories that often became minor classics, Lardner went from ballpark to prize ring in *Champion*, or to *Haircut* with its prize heel, or to *The Love Nest*, *The Golden Honey-moon*, *Some Like Them Cold*.

To a Grunt. But the pioneer Lardner, by so often having his people self-condemned in their own words, did more than etch in acid living American types. He preserved in amber a stuttering American language (as its most famous student, H. L. Mencken, was quick to acclaim). He knew to a grunt how America's illiterate and half-educated citizenry spoke and mispronounced, floundered on syntax, floundered among clichés; time and again he scored bull's-eyes as his characters went wide of the mark. Their narrow lives made for a narrowed talent—the people sometimes a touch too commonplace, the types a trifle too set, the gunfire mixed with gags—while Lardner's own cultural interests were left blurred. But his human values were implacably sound, and, such were their realistic findings, it is small wonder that he chose surrealism for his fun.

The Nasty Story

PULL DOWN VANITY (249 pp.)—Leslie Fiedler—Lippincott (\$3.95).

Author Leslie Fiedler, previously famed as the critic who detected homosexual themes in *Huckleberry Finn* and *Moby Dick*, has now carried his war against fiction behind the enemy's lines. Effectively disguised as a short-story writer, Fiedler turns out, in *Pull Down Vanity*, a collection of tales of the kind favored lately by modish literary quarterlies and intellectualoid slicks. They constitute the sort of kitsch fiction—as stylized as the whodunit or science fiction—in which every thought, character and experience is as nauseating as possible.

Excuse for Dreams. In the nasty story—this may as well be the name of Fiedler's genre—the author describes a heroine's skin only to note that it is either squamous, greasy or pocked (Fiedler: "her granulated eyelids pink and on her lip a slight rash left by her depilatory"). Undigested lumps of Marx and Freud swallowed in youth appear to catalyze these prosy nightmares. Sex, particularly, is constantly talked of, snickered at and attempted—and, of course, it is always unpleasant and unsuccessful. Fiedler's specialty is the small, perfect detail, like the tuft of thick, sweaty hair the narrator

its creator imagines to the writings of Kafka. Still, there are plots. One of them allures a loathsome young man to be purged of childhood guilt by visiting the apartment of one of his former high school teachers, who was also the antiquated mistress of the young man's best friend. Without opening the door, the hero realizes from the smell seeping out of the apartment that the teacher is dead. He leaves, purged.

Bunions & Scars. At a house party in Fiedler's masterpiece of fictional illness, *Nude Croquet*, the middle-aged guests decide to shuck their clothes and play croquet in the buff. In the peep show that follows, the readers see "bulges and creases and broken veins, bunions and scars and grizzled hair . . . Leonard, vaguely hermaphroditic, pudgy and white; Eva, her cross falling just where her pancake makeup gave way to the slightly pimply pallor of her skin; Achsa, tallow-yellow and without breasts; Beatie, marked with the red griddle of her corseting and verging on shapelessness; Marvin, sallow and unmuscled beneath the lank black hair that covered even his upper arms." Sallow Marvin is Fiedler at his best; his other defects include a withered leg and a weak neck. Eventually both ailing parts give way, and Marvin pitches on his face amid the croquet balls as everyone laughs and laughs. The reader is left with a fascinating conjecture: What tendencies might the author of *Huckleberry Finn* have discovered in the writing of Leslie Fiedler?

Irish Stew

THE HARD LIFE (179 pp.)—Flann O'Brien—Pantheon (\$3.50).

Dog-eared formula for Irish comic fiction: to one seedy slice of life from an impoverished Irish boyhood add one outrageous old character who swears a blue streak, acts like a freak, and is lovable as all get out. Stir in plenty of Irish whiskey, a peck of troubles, assorted downtrodden womenfolk, a hard-drinking priest, plenty of disputatious talk about the church. Sprinkle liberally with unintelligible Irish words ("boxty," "plawmaus," "looderamawn")—and don't forget to lam into Ireland as you go along.

In *The Hard Life*, Flann O'Brien, a lionized Dublin novelist, columnist and licensed literary legpuller, has served all this brew with a difference. In place of the spice of hot rage (at Irish meanness) or the sticky sauce of garrulous sentiment (about Irish foibles) that so often dress up the dish, he uses deadpan understatement. Instead of trying to get rich on the formula, he is making fun of it.

Plied with Whisky. *The Hard Life's* crazy old man is Mr. Collopy, a sixtyish sack of Biblical malapropisms whose ruling passion is a campaign to get the Dublin City Corporation to install public rest rooms for women. The book's narrator—a boy named Finbar—and his older brother Manus come to live with the old

man as orphans aged five and ten. In nightly colloquy at Collopy's, the boys listen as a forbearing Jesuit priest, Father Fahrt, is plied with Kilbeggan whisky and tried by his host's assaults on the Society of Jesus. "The Order," grunts Collopy, "was some class of an East India company. Heavenly imperialism but with plenty of money in the bank . . . Give me your damned glass."

Mixing mild parody with whirlwind farce, O'Brien quickly has Manus (referred to simply as "The Brother") escape



FLANN O'BRIEN
No bed of Four Roses.

to England and there grow rich by founding a bogus correspondence academy. Sample subjects: Egyptology, Cure of Boils, Panpendarism, Sausage Making in the Home, Collopy, dying from a dosage of one of The Brother's patent medicines, embarks on the inevitable pilgrimage to Rome. His grotesquely comic death there after a burlesque papal audience is the kind of thing that even the late Ole Olsen and Chick Johnson could hardly have coped with.

Seething a Kid. Much of this has the makings of dreadful humor. In *The Brother*, O'Brien has turned loose a memorably monstrous archetypal entrepreneur who, if he could turn a pennyworth of profit, would not only seethe a kid in its mother's milk but invite the dam to dine on it. What in the end spoils the fun is that O'Brien does not keep the goings on entirely in the cartoon world of outrageous literary parody and exaggeration where death, as Brendan Behan puts it, has lost its "sting-along-along." Grimy realism crops up occasionally. In Finbar, fleeting touches of gentleness and humane disgust at the proceedings undercut the parody and encourage the reader to take him seriously as a man rather than a manikin. Even at that, O'Brien has made a point: burlesqued or not, life in Dublin is no bed of Four Roses.



LESLIE FIEDLER
Undigested lumps of Freud.

spies curling from the heroine's décolletage. Jewish loathing of Jewishness is, of course, a standard nasty story theme, and Fiedler's Jews—malicious caricatures beside whom Fagin would resemble King David—treat their religion as if it were a particularly unpleasant sort of eczema.

Nothing important happens in the nasty story as practiced by Fiedler, and what does happen usually serves only as an excuse for a showy dream sequence or waking horror episode that owes far less than

• A potato pancake. Flattery, a lazy lout.

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WHEN THE MOON COMES OVER THE MOUNTAINS
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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Jules and Jim. France's François Truffaut (*The 400 Blows*) has created a gay, grotesque little fable about two men in love with a Lorelei (Jeanne Moreau).

The Counterfeit Trailor. A spate of spy stuff, slick and scary, with William Holden and Lilli Palmer playing huggemugger in Hitlerland.

Five Finger Exercise. A competent film version of Peter Shaffer's prizewinning play about a family that has everything money can buy—including unhappiness.

State Fair. Hollywood's third cinemadaption of the 1932 novel by Phil Stong just about corners the market in spring corn. Credits: Pat Boone, Bobby Darin, Tom Ewell, Alice Faye, Pamela Tiffin, Ann-Margret, Wally Cox and an 800-lb. Hampshire hog called *Blue Boy* on camera and George the rest of the time.

Moon Pilot. Walt Disney has produced a funny farce about a moonstruck astronaut who almost wrecks the U.S. missile program.

The Horizontal Lieutenant. A brass-button burlesque starring Jim Hutton and Paula Prentiss.

Bel' Antonio. A thoughtful but not profound discussion of impotence by Italy's Mauro Bolognini.

All Fall Down. Angela Lansbury is painful and fascinating as a mother hen who clucks manely over a bad egg (*Warren Beatty*), but the picture is just painful.

Only Two Can Play. Peter Sellers plays a Welsh librarian who finds all sorts of interesting things between covers.

Viridiana. Made in Spain on Franco's money but banned in Spain by Franco's decree, this peculiar and powerful film by Luis Buñuel predicts in parable the next Spanish revolution.

Sweet Bird of Youth. In most Hollywood movies chrome does not pay, but in this case Writer-Director Richard Brooks has redipped and triple-polished a hunk of junk by Tennessee Williams until it glitters like a junkie's eyeball.

Through a Glass Darkly. Perhaps the best, certainly the ripest, film ever made by Sweden's Ingmar Bergman.

Last Year at Marienbad. A Gordian knot of cinema tied by two ingenious Frenchmen. Scenarist Alain Robbe-Grillet and Director Alain Resnais (*Hiroshima, Mon Amour*).

The Night. The fashionable ailment of anxiety is skillfully anatomized by Italy's Michelangelo (*L'Avventura*) Antonioni.

Lover Come Back. Animadversions on advertising, wittily written by Stanley Shapiro and blandly recited by Doris Day and Rock Hudson.

A View from the Bridge. Arthur Miller's attempt to find Greek tragedy in cold-water Flatbush.

TELEVISION

Wed., May 9

Howard K. Smith—News & Comment (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). Notes and opinions on the week's events.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Brinkley examines the impact of proposed higher postal rates on magazines.

All times E.D.T.

TIME, MAY 11, 1962

discussing the problem with *Harper's* John Fischer, *Saturday Review's* Norman Cousins, *Playboy's* Hugh Hefner.

Sat., May 12

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Barbara Stanwyck and Clifton Webb in *Titanic*, the story of the 1912 sinking of the luxury liner.

Sun., May 13

Look Up and Live (CBS, 10-30-11 a.m.). Dramatized excerpts from Albert Camus' novel *The Plague*, concerning man's battle against terror and death.

The Catholic Hour (NBC, 1-30-2 p.m.). "America and Communism" is the subject of this four-part study. Narrator is Tim O'Connor; readers include Thayer David, who appears currently on Broadway in *A Man for All Seasons*.

Accent (CBS, 1-1:30 p.m.). Dr. Richard MacLanathan, former curator of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, discusses the jazz, poetry, literature and painting that represent deviations in Communist dogma behind the Iron Curtain.

Meet the Professor (ABC, 2:30-3 p.m.). Guest is Dr. Patricia O'Connor, professor of languages at Brown University.

Adlai Stevenson Reports (ABC, 3:30-4 p.m.). Stevenson and Barbara Ward, British economist and writer, discuss world economic imbalances.

Show of the Week (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Art Carney, Barbara Cook, Alice Ghostley in *Fads and Foibles*, a musical revue based on the U.S. love for novelty.

Mon., May 14

The Bing Crosby Show (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Bob Hope, Edie Adams, the Smoothers Brothers, Pete Fountain and his jazz group join Bing in a musical caper.

THEATER

On Broadway

A Thousand Clowns, by Herb Gardner, rescues nonconformity from humorless caustics and introduces a fresh comic imagination to Broadway. Jason Robards Jr. heads a splendid company of unconstructed oddballs.

The Night of the Iguana, by Tennessee Williams. Four desperate people at rope's end find the strength to live beyond despair and accept their torturous lot. Winner of the New York Drama Critics Circle award as best play of the year.

A Man for All Seasons, by Robert Bolt. A lofty, probing and eloquent examination of the conflict between individual conscience and public duty. Voted best foreign play of the year by the New York Drama Critics Circle.

Gideon, by Paddy Chayefsky, makes the relationship between God and man more humorous than awesome; but the theme is tinged with sublimity.

A Shot in the Dark, adapted from a Paris hit, is a sex mystery in which Julie Harris raises laughs and eyebrows.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying follows Robert Morse's beguilingly self-appreciative rush to the corporate summit. This accoladen musical was voted best of the year by the New York Drama Critics Circle.

Off Broadway

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad, by Arthur Kopit. A surrealistic foray into the

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BOOKS

Best Reading

Patriotic Gore, by Edmund Wilson. Threading together an apparently haphazard series of essays on the literature of the U.S. Civil War, Wilson achieves an important work of history, more stirring than an account of the bloodiest battles.

The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence, edited by Harry T. Moore. A novelist and poet fabled for frankness and passion confirms his reputation in a fascinating collection of opinions on everything from lambs ("I loathe lambs") to fellow Englishmen.

Ship of Fools, by Katherine Anne Porter. A German passenger ship bound from Vera Cruz to Bremerhaven in 1931 becomes a moving and despairing allegory of the human condition.

George, by Emyln Williams. The celebrated playwright and actor writes with warmth and wryness about the poverty of his Welsh childhood, and the near disasters of his career as a scholarship boy at Oxford.

Scott Fitzgerald, by Andrew Turnbull. A lovingly exhaustive biography of a writer whose talent was a diamond very nearly as big as the Ritz, but whose life was a far from tender nightmare.

Pigeon Feathers and Other Stories, by John Updike. The skillful young author of *Poorhouse Fair* and *Rabbit, Run* captures the exact curve of a handful of small but marvelous human moments.

The Rothschilds, by Frederic Morton. A seven-generation chronicle of family ways and financial wizardry in the world's greatest banking dynasty.

A Long and Happy Life, by Reynolds Price. This wise, skillful first novel about a Carolina country girl's attempts to keep both her fiancé and her virtue is marred only by an occasional too-swooping bow toward William Faulkner.

In Parenthesis, by David Jones. A bitter novel in which a painter turns to prose and poetry to attack war.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Ship of Fools*, Porter (7, last week)
2. *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, Stone (2)
3. *The Bull from the Sea*, Renault (3)
4. *Franny and Zooey*, Salinger (1)
5. *The Fox in the Attic*, Hughes (4)
6. *Devil Water*, Seton (5)
7. *Island*, Huxley
8. *A Prologue to Love*, Caldwell (6)
9. *Captain Newman, M.D.*, Rosten (9)
10. *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Lee (8)

NONFICTION

1. *Calories Don't Count*, Taller (1)
2. *The Rothschilds*, Morton (3)
3. *My Life in Court*, Nizer (2)
4. *Six Curses*, Nixon (5)
5. *The Guns of August*, Tuchman (4)
6. *In the Clearing*, Frost
7. *The New English Bible*
8. *The Making of the President 1960*, White (6)
9. *The Last Plantagenets*, Costain (8)
10. *Scott Fitzgerald*, Turnbull (9)

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